

WILL RAILWAYMEN SEEK MORE CONCESSIONS?

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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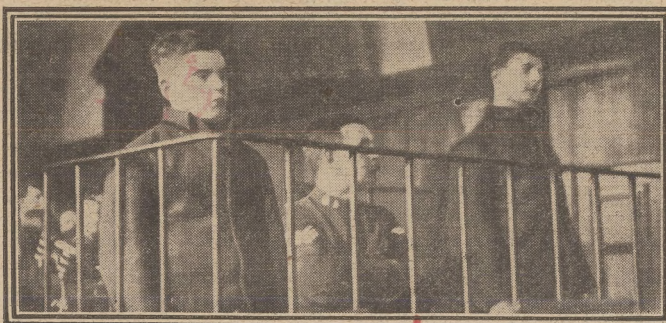
One Penny.

300 LAMPS.



Mr. G. Alliston, who lights 300 street lamps at Barnes, rides a push-bicycle and does the whole round without dismounting. Practice makes perfect.

TWO BORSTAL BOYS CHARGED



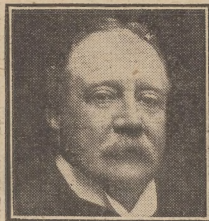
F. J. Smith (left) and Ernest Scutt, two inmates of the Borstal Institution, who are charged with the murder of Warder Adams, in the dock at Rochester yesterday. Scutt was arrested shortly before the termination of the inquest. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

PARTIES.



Master Valerie Tangye was a pierrot at an afternoon dance.

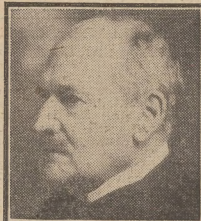
NEW PORTRAITS: TWO WELL-KNOWN MEN DEAD.



Lord Cunliffe, ex-governor of the Bank of England, who has died suddenly. He rendered invaluable services to his country and was the first of the war.



Miss Isabel Ritchie, aged eighteen, who has signed articles of clerkship with her father, J. M. Ritchie, with a view to becoming a solicitor. She is known at school as 'The Pioneer'.



Mr. Thomas Hart Davies, whose death occurred at Jersey yesterday. He was Liberal M.P. for North Hackney, 1906-10, and was formerly Judicial Commissioner at Karachi.

CONSTABLE IN THE DOCK.



Police Constable Frank Bodineade, holding his hat before his face, leaving Croydon Police Court, where he was remanded in custody on four charges of house-breaking. Only the main charge was dealt with.

A WINTER COAT.



A smart coat in a beautiful shade of tomato-red cloth with a big, cosy roll collar of moleskin, and cuffs. It has a yoke at the back.



Miss Margaret Vachell and Master Lewis Richardson take tea together at a New Year's party which was held yesterday in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society. There was any amount of fancy cakes.

"TRIED TO FORGET OTHER WOMAN."

Officer's Letter to Girl Friend Before Taking Poison.

WIFE'S TRAGIC STORY.

Suicide's Hope of "Getting Into Touch" After Death.

That he was obsessed with the idea of another woman and was always talking about her was a statement made to the Westminster Coroner yesterday, when a remarkable story of an officer's love affair was unfolded.

The inquest was on Lieutenant Ralph Arnold Cruise Heron, Royal Field Artillery, stationed at Larkhill, who was found dead in a West End hotel on Sunday. A verdict of Suicide while of unsound mind was returned.

Captain Percy Cecil Newell, R.F.A., said Lieutenant Heron was wounded in Mesopotamia in 1916 and gassed in France in 1917, and was for a considerable time in hospital. At the time of his death he was C1 and unfit for general service.

Other evidence showed that on Saturday Lieutenant Heron took a room at the Piccadilly Hotel, and handed the page boy a registered letter, telling him not to post it until Sunday or Monday.

Next morning he was found dead in bed, and three empty chlorodyne bottles were discovered near by, together with a letter addressed to Miss Pepper at Salisbury.

Dr. Hasset said that death was due to chlorodyne poisoning.

"MUST PAY PENALTY."

At this juncture the widow, Mrs. Phyllis Heron, entered the court, accompanied by a nurse, having just travelled from Norfolk. She said she lived at North Pickenham Rectory, and married deceased in June, 1917. There were two children.

Her husband had never provided a home for her, nor had he ever made support for herself and her children. He had been drinking to excess.

On Monday evening witness received from her husband, addressed from the Piccadilly Hotel, a letter, in which he said: "May God bless, you, I have failed and have to pay the penalty."

Witness said that she thought that he was going to be cashiered.

Mrs. Heron added that she and her children were now totally unprotected.

Witness had no idea that her husband was entangled with another woman.

"A REAL PAL TO ME."

Girl Friend's Story of "Another Woman" the Lieutenant Loved.

Miss Rose Pepper, of Salisbury, told how she became acquainted with Lieutenant Heron two months ago by his coming to her mother's house to a dance.

At Christmas time witness lent him £22 because the banks were closed.

His conduct towards witness was always proper. She knew he was a married man. The Coroner: Did he tell you anything about another love-affair? He told me that he had cared for some years for a woman who was not his wife.

Did he say why he married somebody else? No, he told me that he still loved her, and had tried to forget her, but could not.

Can you throw any other light on his death? It seemed to be obsessed by this idea of another woman, and he was always talking about her. I believe she lived near Warrminster.

The coroner read the letter addressed to Miss Pepper, in which the lieutenant expressed his strong devotion to her and thanked her for having been a real pal to him.

The letter went on: "I have moved in here to-night so as to be alone with my thoughts. That is all I have left me now, and to pass my last few hours thinking of what might have been."

"If I can possibly keep in touch with you I shall do it." This, said the coroner, was undoubted evidence of the spiritualistic craze that was now upsetting the public mind.

£7 7s. FOR 10s. 6d. ROOMS.

At the Wandsworth Protesting Tribunal yesterday the chairman stated that he had heard of a case at Fulham where £7 7s. a week was being charged for two rooms which in the ordinary way, would be for 10s. 6d.

KILLED BEFORE THE PARTY.

While going to a children's party, Henry Bland, aged ten, of Ilford, was knocked down and killed. It was stated at the inquest yesterday that 1,000 children were entertained at a local cinema, and that Bland was caught by a motor-lorry on alighting from a tramcar.

FOLLOWING FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

Lieutenant Henderson, son of Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., has been selected as Labour candidate for the Bridgwater Division of Somerset. The division is represented by Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders (C.U.), a Lord of the Treasury.

CANED BABY.

Story of Nurse's Punishment for Infant Son of Doctor.

"FIENDISH CRUELTY."

For what the magistrate described as "most wicked and fiendish cruelty" an eighteen-months-old child, Jessie Westall, a nurse, was at Marylebone yesterday sentenced to four months in the second division.

The nurse, it was stated, was for six weeks in the service of Dr. P. B. Roth, a Harley-street specialist, and during that time she repeatedly ill-treated the child by beating him with a cane, her only excuse being that he was dirty. She was also alleged to have held the child out of a window. When the child caught sight of the cane while he was being examined he screamed with terror.

Mary Edgill, housemaid, stated that she had seen the defendant beat the child with the cane on its bare flesh practically every day. Dr. Maughan said he found fourteen bruises about the body and legs and six scratches on the back.

NO FISH AFTER JAN. 15?

Men's Threat to Cease Supplies Unless Control Is Removed - Butter 8s. 6d. a lb.

There is a danger of the fish supply of the country being suddenly stopped, according to a circular issued last night by Messrs. George Taylor, Monument-street, E.C.

The reason is stated to be that fishermen are strongly opposed to the reimposition of control prices of fish, and threaten to stop fishing on January 15 unless control is removed.

Butter at 8s. 6d. a pound is feshionised by Mr. Reginald Butler, chairman of the United Dairies, Limited, who thinks milk control should be extended till April 20.

The sugar ration (The Daily Mirror learns) will be decreased some time during the next few weeks.

The price of imported beef is to be reduced 2d. per pound from the beginning of February.

"NO JAZZ"—BY REQUEST.

Hesitation Waltz, Combined with Tango Movement, Likely To Be Popular.

"Jazz" is on its last "jazz." The banning of it at Leyton (Essex) was one of the first signs of its downfall.

"Of course jazz is dying," Miss Margaret Morris, the well-known authority on artistic and ballroom dancing, said to The Daily Mirror yesterday.

Some form of waltz, however, will, I expect, always be with us. The hesitation waltz had a great vogue, and now a variety of that, combined with a tango movement, is likely to be very popular.

By special request there is to be no jazzing, at the Army and Navy Peace Ball on January 7 at the Albert Hall, and the dances included in the programme are eight waltzes, a waltz cotillon, valets, barn dances and lancers.

NOT THE SAILOR'S LASS.

Offer of Marriage to Girl Who Travelled from Manchester Without Her Fare.

She apparently loved a sailor—the sailor did not love her—but there was a man who loved the girl.

The sequel came at Willesden Police Court yesterday, when it was stated that an offer had been received from the man to marry the girl. The girl was Dorothy Phillips, a pretty lass from Manchester, and she was charged with travelling from Manchester to London without paying her fare.

She had made the journey in the same train as a sailor, who at first disowned her, but afterwards admitted that he knew her and said he wanted nothing more to do with her.

The court missionary said that she bore an excellent character, but unfortunately had gone through a form of marriage with a man who it afterwards turned out had been married before. She was bound over.

£6 A MINUTE LAW SUIT.

When the Chancery action brought on behalf of the Hare Spinning Co., Tordorn, against John Leigh, Ltd., and others, was resumed at Manchester yesterday, Mr. Grant, K.C., for the defendants, asked that further security for costs beyond the £7,100 already granted should be given.

Mr. Leslie Scott, K.C., said the proceedings were costing £6 a minute.

NEW BEACH TRAGEDY.

A tragic discovery was made yesterday on the beach at Southsea.

A brown paper parcel picked up on the beach was found to contain the dead bodies of two newly-born children.

A piece of string was tied round the neck of one of the babies.

PARENTS ON SCHOOL COMMITTEES.

The Bradford Education Committee are appointing, as an experiment, school committees on which three parents will sit.

HUSBAND TRAINING

Mr. Charles Garvice's Recipe for a Wife's Happiness.

CIGARETTES AND BUTTONS

"Husbands, take your wives to a matinee occasionally and to the pictures, and let them walk up and down Regent-street and see the shops. I've done it myself."

Mr. Charles Garvice, the novelist, at an interesting debate on "Domestic Worries," to students of the Primrose League last night.

His homely found much favour among his female hearers, and was heartily applauded by a shrill voice, which cried: "Yes, and give them money to spend!"

Here are a few points from the speeches:—Children of a certain age should look after the comfort of Father, who should be educated in the right way.

Mother would be able to take her part in the outside affairs of the world.

"Woman," said one debater impressively, "is perfectly justified in shunting her domestic worries."

There a mere male asserted that husbands had the larger share of worries.

The point was then raised whether husbands should sew on their own buttons and mend purchases.

"The only thing that really breaks a woman's heart," exclaimed one woman tragically, "is when a husband throws his cigarette in the gas stove." It is so hard to clean out.

PREMIER AT PRINCES.

Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill See "Trial by Jury."

Before an audience that included the Prime Minister, Miss Megan Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance" were revived at the Princes last night.

Enthusiastic as has been the reception accorded to these Gilbert and Sullivan operas, it is doubtful whether any of them has received so warm a welcome. The audience cheered—and cheered again.

Among the performers, Mr. Henry A. Lytton, Mr. Leo Sheelid, his performance of "Trial by Jury" was a masterpiece—and Miss Nellie Bricliffe merit special mention. But the whole cast did excellent work.

TELEPHONES OR HOUSES?

Families Threatened with Eviction as Result of a Pan Protest Meeting.

The indignation aroused by the proposed demolition of dwelling houses to build a telephone exchange in Spitalfields culminated last night in a public meeting at Christchurch Hall, Hanbury-street.

Three thoroughfares are affected by the scheme—Freeman, Butler and Tenter Streets. The houses involved are of the tenement class. Some families have lived there for periods ranging from twenty to sixty years. Negotiations for the purchase of the property by the Government began in 1915.

Councillor J. R. Raphael, who presided, said seventeen houses had already been sold, leaving thirteen remaining. Nineteen families, with 117 souls, were to be turned into the streets. "Shame!" His advice to the threatened tenants was to sit tight and see if the Government dare, in the face of public opinion, evict them by force.

Major Attlee, Mayor of Stempsey, said it was a scandal that telephones and cinemas should come before dwelling houses.

NEW TURN IN BORSTAL TRAGEDY.

There was a further development yesterday in the Rochester Borstal tragedy, in which Edward James Adams, a warder, was killed, and with the murder of whom Frederick James Smith (alias Callender), a Bermondsey youth, is charged.

William Ernest Scott, another inmate, was also placed in the dock with Smith on the capital charge. The hearing was adjourned till Monday. When Smith and Scott were being taken in a vehicle to Maidstone Prison they overtook and passed Adams' funeral cortege, consisting of a gun carriage, which was drawn by seamen, and bluejackets and seventy warders.

LORD CUNLIFFE DEAD.

The death was announced yesterday of Lord Cunliffe, which occurred suddenly on the previous night.

He was going to a company dinner when he was taken ill and died shortly afterwards. Lord Cunliffe had been a director of the Bank of England since 1895, was Deputy Governor in 1911, and Governor from 1913 to 1918. He was raised to the peerage early in the war. He was sixty-four years of age.

POLICEMAN FACES THEFT CHARGES.

"I Have Been Going Wrong for Three Years."

DETECTIVE'S FIND.

A remarkable story was told at Croydon Police Court yesterday, when Frank Bodimeade (forty), a Metropolitan police-constable, who has been stationed at Gipsy Hill for several years, was remanded on four charges of house-breaking.

The main charge against him is that of breaking into 2a, Harold-road, Upper Norwood, on the night of January 1, and stealing property worth £5 belonging to Mr. Samuel Stephen, a newspaper proprietor.

The rest of the property alleged to have been stolen included—

Brooches, a gold bracelet, a necklace, a gold safety-pin, silver vases, silver marmalade and jam dishes, mustard and pepper pots, salt cellars, a sauceboat, a wedged-edge bistre barrel, articles of clothing, a carpet sweeper, travelling rug, eight blankets, a clock, a sugar cruet, and £2 19s. in cash.

Two of the other charges relate to alleged breaking and entering of the Beulah Spa (Hyde-road) Hotel on the night of December 7, and stealing a clock and cigar-case valued at £2, belonging to Colonel Joseph Leggett, a resident at the hotel; and a valuable trunk containing ladies' clothing, valued at £75, the property of Ethel Mary Rutter, also a resident.

Only the first charge was taken yesterday. Detective-Inspector Palle said he saw prisoner on Sunday evening about a ladies' coat missing last May.

"QUOTE CORRECT, NO QUESTIONS."

After a long conversation Bodimeade said:—"You can look over my house if you like."

Under a bed witness found a cloak. "I found in the same room a rug and wearing apparel, and on the dressing-table several gold brooches."

Prisoner admitted to witness that the articles came from 2a, Harold-road, and added:—"I do not know what made me do this. I have been going wrong for about three years."

When told he would have to go to his station he said:—"I shan't go to Gipsy Hill unless I am carried there; I cannot face my comrades after this."

At the conclusion of the hearing prisoner said:—"Quite correct, your Worship; no questions." Bodimeade was refused bail.

CHILDREN'S ORCHESTRA.

Lady Mayoress' Super-Party Which Will Bring Sunshine to Blind Babies.

The lucky children who are going to the Lady Mayoress' party at the Mansion House on January 14 are looking forward to a super-children's party.

It is in aid of the Blind Babies' Home at Chorley Wood, known as "Sunshine House," that this party is being given.

Princess Arthur of Connaught will preside at the party, and the tickets—price 5s. 9d.—may be obtained direct from Lady Cooper, at the Mansion House.

WHY A BOY STOLE FILMS.

Police Find Cellar at His Home Fitted Up as a Cinema.

On a charge of breaking into a picture palace and stealing films valued at £50, Bernard Brown, a schoolboy at Aylesbury Grammar School, was yesterday sent to a reformatory for four years by the Brighton Buzard magistrate.

When the police raided his home they found he had prepared the cellar for showing the films.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Dvinsk has been taken by Letis. To-day's Weather.—Wind N.E., light to moderate, cloudy, cold.

The ex-Kaiser's yacht Meteor has been sold to a Berlin syndicate.

M.P.'s £16,723 Will.—Lieutenant-Commander Norman Craig, M.P. for Thanet, left £16,723.

A great reunion of ex-Service men takes place at the Albert Hall on January 21, the night of the British Empire Ball.

No Holiday Wages.—Manchester cotton trade employers yesterday refused the application of 500,000 workpeople for holiday wages.

Royal Servants' Dance.—The Sandringham house staff held a fancy dress dance on Monday night, upon Queen Alexandra's invitation.

Sandhills Murder Case.—Frederick Rothwell Holt was remanded at Jorham yesterday in connection with the St. Anne's sandhills murder mystery.

Americans Murdered.—Two Americans, named Earl Bowles and S. J. Roney, in the employ of the International Petroleum Company, have been murdered by Mexicans near Port Lobos, Renteria.

Five Years for Blackmail.—Percy Tom Rollings Randall, formerly R.A.F. mechanic, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment at Jersey for attempting to blackmail the Rev. Wilson Haffenden and Miss Le Quesne.

RAILWAY CRISS 'DARK AND SERIOUS'—TO-DAY'S VOTE

Mr. Thomas' Position: May Have to Ask for Further Concessions from the Government.

UNITY HOUSE BATTLE OVER STOP RATES

What will be the railwaymen's verdict to-day? Is it to be peace or war? The nation awaits the answer with anxiety.

At Unity House to-day the men's delegates meet Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., and the other leaders to decide whether they will accept or reject the Government's wages offer.

An overwhelming number of N.U.R. branches have decided to reject the new terms, but the men's leaders think that much of the threatened opposition arises from misunderstanding. Mr. Thomas last night said the situation was dark and serious.

MEN'S DEMAND FOR ROCK-BOTTOM MINIMUM

Point Where Lower Cost of Living Is Ignored.

WILL PEACE COUNSELS WIN?

The railway crisis is dark and very serious, said Mr. J. H. Thomas at Kettering last night. It was not for him to anticipate the verdict of the deliberations, but if the other side would enter into them in the same spirit as he would he was certain a satisfactory settlement would emerge.

The *Daily Mirror* learns in a reliable quarter that the probable outcome of to-day's conference of the railwaymen at Unity House will be the return of Mr. Thomas to Downing-street for further concessions in respect of the minimum rates.

Among the inner circle at Unity House, writes *The Daily Mirror* Labour correspondent, there is a disposition to regard to-day as the beginning of a fateful period rather than as a fateful day in itself.

The chief point around which to-day's battle at Unity House will rage is undoubtedly the "stop rates"—i.e., the minimum rates below which wages must not fall, irrespective of any lowering in the cost of living.

There is a widespread feeling that to accept the £2 minimum for country porters would be to ensure a fresh outbreak of discontent if a reduction in the cost of living ever brought that minimum into operation.

The situation has many conflicting aspects. More than thirty-three branches—some of them powerful centres—have either rejected the proposals or instructed their delegates to oppose acceptance. South Wales is practically solid against the new terms, and the Port Talbot men are demanding a minimum of £4 a week or twenty-four hours' notice of a strike.

MR. CRAMP'S ATTITUDE.

What Will He Do As Leader of the Advanced Railwaymen?

The forecast of Mr. C. J. Edwards, the Northern Area member of the N.U.R. Executive Committee, is that the conference to-morrow will turn down the proposed settlement on the grounds that the offer is not standardisation upwards, but on average.

The railwaymen of the Guildford area have passed a resolution in favour of acceptance of the terms of settlement, providing that the minimum wage for platelayers is raised to 5s.

It is known, too, that the "advanced" leaders of the railwaymen were very disappointed with the results of the last strike, and talk has been rife of a renewed fight with outside help.

In this connection the activities of the other partners in the Triple Alliance are not without interest. Mr. Robert Williams, the secretary of the National Transport Workers' Federation, announces that demands on behalf of all vehicular workers, corresponding to those of the railway workers, are under consideration.

The miners, who are finding little enthusiasm for nationalisation among their members, might also welcome an opportunity of coming out to prevent "the victimisation of railwaymen" if they could introduce their nationalisation programme into the joint demands.

West Hartlepool, Birmingham, Blaina (Mon.), Sunderland, South Shields and Crewe No. 1 branches are all in favour of accepting the new terms.

Finally, there is the predominant fact that Mr. Thomas and his executive are recommending the acceptance of the terms.

"My own view," said one whose knowledge of the railway labour world is peculiar and intimate, to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "is that unless Mr. Thomas returns to the Government and demand some improvement in the minimum rates of the offer he has gained, he will be faced with a wall of opposition that no amount of eloquent pleading will enable him to surmount."

Considerable interest centres in the attitude which Mr. Cramp, the leader of the "advanced"

railwaymen, will choose to adopt. He has fought Mr. Thomas before; he may do so again.

There is a shrewd suspicion in influential political circles (writes *The Daily Mirror* Parliamentary correspondent) that the extremists in the Labour movement are anxious to provoke a state of unsettlement until all sections can be brought into one movement for a common grievance about March.

The miners, it is suggested, do not want the railway agreement to go through. It cannot in the meantime be forgotten that all financial concessions to the railwaymen will come out of the fares of the travelling public. In brief, more money for the men means dearer tickets.

Here are the Government's terms and the men's objections:—

Government's Offer—Bonus of 38s. on the average pre-war wage in all grades; a new sliding wages scale, with a minimum of 100 per cent. on pre-war dealer tickets.

Men's Objections—That it fails to make good the implied promise when the men went back to work; involves an acceptance of the "definitive" offer of a 40s. minimum, does not include all grades and sections of the N.U.R.; regards the "skilled" railwaymen as of less worth than "unskilled" labour.

SHOTS AT CINEMA MAN.

"Hands Up" Scene Outside Theatre—Ex-Soldier Charged.

A sensational and dramatic incident occurred outside the Picture Theatre at Richmond-road, Kingston-on-Thames, late on Monday night.

While the film operator was at the close of the performance returning his box of films to the pay-office a respectfully dressed young man rushed across the road from Kingston railway station and presented a Webley service revolver at him, exclaiming: "Hands up!"

At the same time he fired at the operator, the bullet tearing through his coat sleeve.

He fired two more shots, but both missed. Yesterday Charles Phillips, twenty, a tailor, of Norbiton, was remanded at Kingston charged with attempting to murder Ernest Young, a film operator.

Detective-Inspector Davey stated that before proceeding to court accused said, "I have no friends and I am hard up. I have given a false name. My name is Charles Parker."

"I had no money, and thought I would like to get a bit."

UNDERGROUND CLUB.

Leicester-square Resort Described at Bow-Street—Story of Police Visit.

The case of Dalton's Club, Leicester-square, which has been described by Mr. Musket as a "dancing hell," was again before the Bow-street magistrate yesterday, when Harry Dalton and Mrs. Kate Evelyn Merrick, summoned for permitting the club to be used as an habitual resort of women of a certain character.

Inspector Collins, describing a visit to the club, said the premises were entirely underground. About thirty men and twenty women in the hall were dancing to a jazz band.

Dalton told witness that he had given instructions to the doorman not to admit certain women. The inspector agreed that most of the objectionable visitors were unknown to him until they were pointed out by a constable.

The hearing was adjourned.

U.S. CRUSADE AGAINST "REDS."

NEW YORK, Tuesday. A raid was made today on the premises of the Soviet newspaper *Novy Mir*, which resulted in the arrest of fourteen men and women.—Reuter.

The Labour Department has asked Congress to sanction the expenditure of \$200,000 for enforcement of the law against alien extremists and \$30,000 for deportations.—Reuter.

TWO HOURS' BATTLE FOR IRISH POLICE STATION.

Garrison of Six Drive Off Attackers and Capture Two of Them.

A determined attack was made by a body of men, said to have numbered ten to twenty, on Roundstone Police Barracks, near Clifden, Galway, at 1 a.m. yesterday.

The police, who were only six in number, replied spiritedly, and firing was continued without intermission for nearly two hours.

The stout defence of the little police garrison was successful and the attackers were driven off. A scouting party sent out by the little garrison pursued two men to a house near by and captured them.

BIG BRITISH FLEET FOR PACIFIC AND INDIA?

100 Vessels Recommended by Lord Jellicoe—Dominions Part.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday. The special correspondent of the *United Press* telegraphs: It is authoritatively stated that when Lord Jellicoe returns to England he will recommend a formidable British Fleet in the Pacific and Indian waters, consisting of:—

- 8 battleships of the latest type.
- 8 modern battle cruisers.
- 16 destroyers.
- 40 submarines.

The cost of construction and maintenance would be borne partly by the British Dominions and the acceptance of the plan would be at their discretion.—Exchange.

THE PEACE FINALE.

Signor Nitti and Mr. Lloyd George Confer on Italian Problems.

Italy's Premier, Signor Nitti, who arrived in London on Monday, went to Downing-street yesterday morning, accompanied by the Italian Ambassador (the Marquis Imperiali), and had a preliminary discussion with Mr. Lloyd George on the future, Adriatic and other questions affecting Italy, which are to be considered by the Peace Conference in Paris next week.

The discussions will be resumed to-day. The Lord Chancellor will accompany the Premier to Paris to-morrow.

Fate of Scuttled Scapa Ships.—The Admiralty, *The Daily Mirror* learns, has no information regarding the reported decision to blow up the sunken German warships at Scapa Flow. "If any expert report be received," said an official, "it will be forwarded to Paris for consideration by the representatives of the Allied Governments, whose decisions will be determined jointly. But this is likely to be a matter of some considerable time."

Fate of Danzig.—The Supreme Council has decided on the basis of an arrangement to be negotiated with Germany respecting the transfer of sovereignty at Danzig after the coming into force of the Treaty.—Reuter.

Japanese to Help Koltchak.—A dispatch from Tokio to the *Nippu Jiji* says that heavy Japanese reinforcements have been rushed to Irkutsk to aid General Koltchak's forces.—Reuter.

"SCRAP THE LIMPETS."

Sir Walter de Freese's Plan to Aid the Men Who Fought.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, Tuesday.

It was announced to-day that Sir Walter de Freese's adoption meeting will be held on Monday.

Sir Walter has intimated that, whilst he differs on many things, he is prepared to support Mr. Lloyd George's Government as the only Government that can help the nation in the next twelve months.

"I would scrap certain Government departments to help people receiving anything from £500 to £1,000 a year are clinging like limpets. The money so saved I would devote to the interests of disabled men."

WHISKY AT £312 A GALLON.

By means of a thin piping running the whole length of the hotel, John Howes, fifty-three, Islington, and George Phillips, of Mitcham, induced Alfred Harris, Sutton, into paying £312 for what he thought were three barrels of whisky.

It was stated that the tube contained about a gallon of whisky, and the remainder of the barrels were filled with water.

At the Surrey Quarter Sessions Phillips was sentenced to three years' penal servitude and Howes to three months' imprisonment.

Peace Ratified on Saturday.—The ratifications of the Peace Treaty, says Reuter, will be exchanged during Saturday afternoon.

DRAMATIC SCENES IN BANK OUTRAGE CASE.

Prisoner's Seizure When Former Fiancee Faints in Box.

STRUGGLE WITH POLICE.

Shouts of "I'll Murder You!"—Bath Woman's Letter.

There were dramatic scenes in court when Albert Edward Redfern, the ex-Army officer, charged with the murder of M. E. T. Oates, manager of the Serbia-road branch of the Yorkshire Penny Bank, Leeds, was again before the Leeds magistrate yesterday.

He had to be assisted into the dock, where he was given a seat.

Miss Dorothy Irene Shepherd, to whom Redfern was formerly engaged, was giving evidence when she fainted in the witness-box.

Redfern immediately showed signs of having a seizure. He was given water, and had his limbs rubbed while a doctor was sent for.

When Mrs. Hopkins, who kept a hatshop in Bath with the accused, was called, Redfern shouted: "Oh! Three policemen seized him, but he struggled fiercely for some time."

shouting, "I'll murder you!" Captain Read a letter from Mrs. Hopkins to Redfern, which began as follows: "I expect you will think I am mad. But, chick, I want you so much."

The letter then went on:—

"Darling, patch up any old excuse, but do come home for good. Love, you want to be in Leeds on Thursday, and I want you back as soon as possible. You can travel Wednesday night, return Friday night, and then you are not going to leave me any more."

Later Redfern was remanded until Tuesday.

ROLLED OFF A CHAIR.

Girl's Story of Redfern's Illness During Unexpected Visit to Her Home.

Harrison Millward, seventeen, assistant at Leeds gunsmiths, showed his story of the strange conversation on the day before the tragedy, when Redfern bought a pair of handcuffs and examined some life-preservers.

Mr. Willey: You came to the conclusion that the man was a fool, talking up with him, in a very childish way?—Yes.

A pistol produced in court had a light pull, said Millward.

The Magistrate (pressing the trigger): It has a light pull.

Dorothy Irene Shepherd, a tailor's daughter, said she had known Redfern between four and five years. During a portion of that time she had corresponded and "kept company" with him.

On Tuesday, December 9, he arrived unexpectedly at her home. He told her he had lost all his money; that he had been speculating.

STORY OF A FIT. Redfern showed her a revolver and two clips of cartridges. He appeared very nervous.

Mr. Willey: As a matter of fact, was he not taken ill that night?—He had a fit and rolled off a chair.

Counsel read a letter from Miss Shepherd, pointing out that she was not satisfied with his conduct. She added in the letter: "It is quite out of the ordinary to get a letter from you these days. You write once a week now. We were all good enough for you when you were a 'Tommy,' and I hardly think you have room to get a swollen head because you wear an officer's uniform. Remember, clothes don't make the man."

DRIVEN MAD BY BUR HORRORS.

Long Ashton (near Bristol) Guardians have in their charge a young Belgian woman, who has become a lunatic.

She was one of a party, several of whom were killed in a cellar in Belgium, but she got away to England. She now shouts "Boche" to anybody who approaches her. A picture representing Hindenburg had to be removed from her sight.

TWO INJURED AT MIDNIGHT FIRE.

A fire broke out on the ground floor of an apartment house at St. George's-road, Westminster Bridge-road, shortly after midnight.

A man and his wife were very seriously burned, and were taken to St. Thomas' Hospital. The fire was extinguished within a short space of time.

ALLENBY TO MEET 'ARAB KING.

CAIRO, Tuesday. Field-Marshal Lord Allenby left for the Sudan yesterday via the Red Sea. He is to meet King Hussein of the Hedjaz at Jeddah.—Reuter.

If your case is at all like Mrs. Williams, there's nothing for it but Zam-Buk.



Mrs. J. Williams, of Aberdare.

Zam-Buk gave her a new skin.

Her Doctor Had Never Seen Such a Bad Case of ECZEMA

"FOR nine years I couldn't put my hand in water; now I can do a day's washing with anybody," said Mrs. J. Williams, 2, John Street, Aberdare, to the *Merthyr Express*.

"My left hand was covered with eczema. It developed from a small patch of inflamed skin into a most disfiguring outbreak. The irritation was terrible, and often I felt like scratching my hand to pieces.

"Sometimes the skin was red with a brilliant polish; at others it was too unsightly to be seen. I was so helpless I could do nothing for my family. The eczema destroyed the skin and flesh from my hand, and also part of the bone of one finger. I had ointments and salves of every kind, but none was of any use. For over a year a trained nurse came every morning to dress my hand.

"A doctor said there was no cure for me. He thought that I should have to lose my hand, as he'd never seen such a bad case of eczema in all his practice. This seemed the last straw. Just at our darkest hour, however, we read of a wonderful cure worked by Zam-Buk. So my husband went at once to the chemist and got me a box of Zam-Buk.

"This herbal balm acted like magic. It brought more happiness into our home than it had known for many a year. Gradually, thanks to gentle massage with Zam-Buk, the use returned to my fingers and the inflammation and disease were drawn out. My flesh became firm and healthy, and my whole hand was finally completely healed over with splendid new skin. Zam-Buk is just wonderful!"

Zam-Buk

The World's Greatest Skin Cure.

FREE TEST You can obtain one sample box of this wonderful Zam-Buk free of all charge by simply sending a post-card to The Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds. Write your name and address clearly, and be sure to mention "The Daily Mirror," 7/1/20.

There's nothing to equal Zam-Buk for soothing and healing Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Festering and Poisoned Sores, Bad Legs, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, or for ending an attack of Eczema, Ringworm, Piles, Rheumatism, Pimples, &c. Zam-Buk is sold only in sealed boxes at 3/-, or smaller size at 13. Of all Chemists, or same price direct from The Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds.

Instantly Kills Pain

There is something almost uncanny about the way in which Vikwik will kill the most obstinate pain.

One moment you are in agony. The next, after you have applied Vikwik, you can feel the pain slipping away.

It is the peculiar power which Vikwik possesses of killing pain which robs Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica or Lumbago, of all their terrors.

Remember, it's the wearing, tearing pain which makes a cure seem so hard and so far away, and mark this—prolonged pain of any sort shortens life. Kill the pain and half the battle towards a complete cure is won.

Therefore, by killing the pain, Vikwik—the spirit of ease—opens the door to Victory, victory over intense pain without any internal administration at all, and after a cure seemed hopeless.

Medical opinion supports this. One famous physician, Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., wrote as follows:—

"... The person I gave your lotion to reported to me last week that it has cured him of Lumbago of rather a severe type, and had also benefited the rheumatic pains from which he suffered in his shoulder.

Such testimony from a doctor, too, speaks for itself.

PAINLESS RHEUMATISM,

Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc.

Clever scientists made surgery painless. Vikwik has made Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica painless, and not these alone, but it kills the pain of Sprains, Strains, Bruises, etc., and makes a cure certain.

VIKWIK DOES NOT BURN OR BLISTER.

WHERE TO GET YOUR VIKWIK.

—IT NEED NOT BE RUBBED.

The peculiar thing about Vikwik is the manner in which it can kill pain without rubbing in, and, unlike ordinary liniments, oils and embrocations, it does not burn or blister even the most sensitive skin. It is a fragrant and soothing liquid balm, quite the nicest preparation to use, and absolutely the best remedy.

VIKWIK LINIMENT can be obtained in bottles at 13 and 13/- from Boots' Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White & Co., Whiteley's, Felstead's, Harrod's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from VIKWIK CO., Desk 23, 27, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

1/3 & 3/- from Boots' Cash Chemists, Timothy White's and Taylor's.

VIKWIK LINIMENT

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN.

RHEUMATISM
SPRAINS
BRUISES
CRAMP
CHILBLAINS

GOUT
SORE THROAT
HEADACHE
STIFF NECK
LUMBAGO

RHEUMATOID
ARTHRITIS
NUMBNESS
SOFT FLEET
CONTUSIONS

SCIATICA
TIRED MUSCLES
COLD ON CHEST
NEURITIS
NERVE PAINS

NEURALGIA
ATHLETES' MUSCLES
STRAINS
BACKACHES

You Can Live { 13 days without Food.
3 days without Water.
Only 3 minutes without Air.

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Whooping Cough

Reduce the Air Ration below Health Point.

The natural consequence is that the breathing is affected, the bronchial tubes or bronchi become inflamed, and cough, more or less serious, follows. If neglected the entire respiratory system is weakened, and that way consumption lies. Children suffer more frequently from such complaints than do their elders, the death rate among the very young being truly appalling, and in too many instances due entirely to thoughtless neglect.

The World's Supreme Remedy

Is Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, so called because of the rapidity with which it overcomes chronic coughs and cures deep-seated and long-standing cases of any of the above-named troubles. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, in Open Competition with the world, was

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL AT THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1910,

for its purity, efficacy, and pharmaceutical excellence.

Many thousands of testimonials from cured patients, scientific men, and doctors have been received. The following is an example:—

Chas. Wyatt-Woolf, Esq., F.R.P.S., F.R.S.L., in his work "Truths About Things We Live On and Live In," says: "I have experimented in the laboratory with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and I have likewise applied it in practice. . . . In all cases to which I applied it the influence of this remedy was most marked."

Never Touched by Hand. The manufacture of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is conducted under the most hygienic conditions, supervised by trained pharmacists, and the product is never touched by human hands.

Liquid or Pastilles. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is prepared as a liquid medicine, and also in the form of pastilles, the latter being packed in hermetically-sealed tins, which are always handy for use.

Ask always for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. It is sold by Chemists, Stores and Medicine Dealers in all parts of the world. If your Chemist is out of stock he will get it for you.

English Prices 1/3 & 3/-.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sole Proprietors: The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.



RHEUMATISM. VIKWIK gives instant relief.



SORE THROAT? Yes! VIKWIK will cure it.



Induced two-minute coughing paroxysms before all imitations and substitutes.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1920.

WAGES AND COST OF LIVING.

IT has not taken us long to arrive at a new "railway crisis"; and it will not take us long to arrive at another still; even if the special general meeting of the N.U.R. to-day succeeds in smoothening over this one.

For the cause of these rapidly recurrent crises remains the same: it is the inadequacy of "money," as represented by bits of paper, lavishly printed by Government, to cover the cost of living, stimulated by a de-based currency, founded in turn on insufficient production after a period of prolonged waste.

No subject is so little understood as the meaning of money.

Money is a token or symbol; but it is taken by the people to be a real thing. Consequently, most workers believe that, when they have more money, they will inevitably and immediately have more real things, more goods, more commodities. These they don't get. They get more bits of paper, and they have to give more of their new bits of paper for the same amount of real things.

Then they ask for more, again. The policy of perpetual waste, and incessant printing of paper, is largely to blame, as we have often pointed out, for this. What can be done?

We see the possibility of a return to barter, with the elimination of the monetary illusion. Men want goods, not paper. But, then, we could only restore barter, as a means of rectifying the currency situation, by having the goods to distribute and to exchange at home and abroad. That demands hard work, production and no strikes. For, every one of these "abortive strikes," as Mr. Robert Williams has called them, lowers production, lessens the supply of real things, and so condemns us once more to the squirrels' circle of more money to meet a higher cost of living.

"PUT HER AWAY!"

WE read that certain of the old Patriarchs, in fruitful and polygamous periods, were in the habit of "putting away" wives who did not provide them with children. For in those days, as now amongst certain savage tribes, it was a "reproach" to a woman not to spend her whole life bringing children into the world, in order that they might be slaughtered in tribal wars.

At the same time, and by a slight inconsistency, "unwanted" children were exposed and allowed to die on the high places.

We thought we had outlived these barbarities in Western Europe. But they tend to recur, like influenza. And we have had a marriage annulled in Italy, on the ground of the wife's childlessness.

It would be difficult to imagine a more degrading view of womanhood than that implied in this cool restoration of the old savage "reproach."

It is hard to conceive what injustices, cruelties, collusions and humbug will be imported into a Divorce Law relaxed thus to relieve the Birth Rate Maniacs. Let us leave these primeval reversions to Hottentots, Eskimos, and Choctaws. Let us continue to treat women as women, not as squaws. And let us set to work to keep alive the children already born, before trying, by savage laws, to add a few figures to the annual birth and death rates. W. M.

LOVE AND NATURE.

You changeful cloud will soon thy aspect wear—
So bright it grows!—and now, by light winds shaken,
O'er seen yet ne'er to be o'erlaid!
Those waving branches soon thy billowy hair,
The cypresses gleam recall thy pensile air.
Slow rills, that wind like snakes amid the grass,
Thine eye's mid sparkle fling me as they pass,
Yet murmuring rills, this fruitless quest forbear!
Nay e'en amid the cataract's loud storm,
Where founts torrents from the crags are leaping,
Methinks I catch swift glimpses of thy form,
Thy robe's light folds in airy tumult sweeping:
Then silent are the falls; 'mid colours warm
Gleams the bright mass beneath their splendour sleeping.

—SARA COLBRIDGE (1890).

HOW WILL LADY LAWYERS "PRACTISE"?

WILL THEY CLEAR THE DUST FROM THE INNS OF COURT?

By A BARRISTER'S CLERK.

MUCH has been written about the arrival of the first Woman Barrister.

I have seen nothing about the more intimate and private aspect of the case: as (for example) where will the Lady Lawyer live? Where practise? Where consult? These are matters vitally interesting to us of the inner, if humbler, circle of the law.

The profession of the law is more than a preserve: it is a fort.

The gowned side of the legal profession is possibly the most conservative body in England. Trade unionism would hang its head in the dignified presence of this select community. Now, without any warning—for I do not think *Bebb v. the Law Society* was very seriously regarded in this quarter—comes this great constitutional change. The Inns of Court are found with untrimmed lamps, which is

scribed the chambers in the Temple which he shared with Thackeray?

They were dusty, they were dusty, they were grimy, dull and dim, The paint sealed off the panelling, the stairs were all untrim;
The flooring creaked, the windows gaped, the doorposts stood awry,
The wind whipped round the corner with a wild and wailing cry.

And if she does secure rooms such as these—for there are many such still in existence—will she be content to leave the windows securely attached to their frames by coatings of grime?

I think not; but I hope, before she has them cleaned and curtained, she will regard my warning; it is dangerous to meddle with those windows.

I hope, too, she will not endanger the lives of the solicitors' clerks who bring her briefs by placing flower-pots on the window-sills of houses in Middle Temple-lane!

She will buy her set of law reports, her Coke upon Lyttelton and her Blackstone's Commentaries, of course. But I do not think

THE MODERN MAIDEN AND HER WAYS.—No. 3.



Her untidiness! And the way she wastes her clothes!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

only another way of saying that, at any rate from an architectural aspect, all is not yet ready for this new venture.

With very few exceptions, all who have any pretensions to practise at the English Bar have chambers in one of the four Inns of Court.

I believe that this is not compulsory. It is, I think, just a matter of convenience and of unwritten law. There are many unwritten laws—archaic conventions, I have heard them called—and I am anxious to see what will happen to them when the woman barrister becomes an established entity.

Will she defy them and hold her conferences over afternoon tea in her Mayfair drawing-room or will she respect them and take rooms in Gray's Inn, Lincoln's Inn or the Temple?

In the latter case, it will be a matter of great interest to see where she will "settle."

I cannot imagine her founding a colony in Verulam Buildings, overlooking the Gray's Inn-road, nor in Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, the staircases of which would not appear out of place in any ancient windmill on the Sussex Downs. Does she remember, I wonder, the words with which Tom Taylor de-

scribed the chambers in the Temple which he shared with Thackeray?

Does she contract indigestion as readily as mere man does, the feminine advocate will scarcely be satisfied with the half-hour interval for lunch. And then her clerk!

Would Tom Pinch or Charles Lamb's father really suit her?

I think more likely she would avail herself of the services of some trim little person suggestive of one of Arnold Bennett's lady secretaries.

Here, again, she must tread warily, on no account explaining to such a paragon, in the words of Augustine Birrell, that "the lots of barristers' clerks vary as widely as the habits of their employers. Some make fortunes for themselves; others only tea for their masters."

Yet I have an idea that in spite of all such quaint impedimenta as makes closer acquaintance with the honourable societies difficult, the woman barrister will soon become a welcome one—might almost say dynamic—influence for good.

In one sentence, she will clear up the dust and bring in the muslin curtains.

THE GIRL'S CHOICE.

SHOULD SHE BE ALLOWED TO SEE AS MANY YOUNG MEN AS SHE LIKES?

AN IMPROVEMENT?

YOUR cartoonist makes good fun of our habit of inviting boys to our mothers' houses. But he is quite wrong to be shocked—if he is shocked.

It's the best possible plan for us. In the older days—at least, I'm told so—we had no chance of meeting young men on equal terms. As soon as we knew any young man, we were supposed to be engaged to him and he was asked what his "intentions" were.

Now we can ask our friends to the house in perfectly sensible, honourable and open fashion, and so we get to know something about them and to sort them out.

This may be rather a nuisance at times for Mamma, but it is a great improvement for us. Hyde Park-terrace, W. A SENSIBLE GIRL.

"INTRODUCTIONS" AT DANCES.

THE "introduction" nonsense is nearly dead at dances. And a jolly good thing too.

Presumably, if a hostess asks us to meet one another at a dance, she knows we are "all right," and means us to know one another.

Why then shouldn't we speak to one another without formal introduction? A. K. L. Queen's-gate, S.W.

STOP HER ALLOWANCE?

A FATHER who can't control his daughter can at least control her allowance. Let him allow her no pocket money till she behaves.

That will bring her round. A FATHER WHO BELIEVES IN DISCIPLINE.

THE PLAINT OF THE PLAYWRIGHT.

IF managers do not read new plays, how is it that the present chief successes, which are of British authorship, were produced? The writers were once beginners, and can only have reached their present much-envied state by reason of their plays having been successively—and successfully—produced.

With regard to treatment of MSS., my own experience—extending to all classes of management—is that the average time for retaining them is a month.

I feel sure that the majority of managements do specialise in reading, as they employ experienced specialists who do little else.

The idea that there should be a stock company to present new plays is excellent—on paper, but there is no suggestion as to how the new plays could be rehearsed, when it is realised that the daily average is two per management. LAURENCE CRAVEN.

UGLY DANCES.

I AM in agreement with "Hawke Johnson" that dancing as practised to-day is a lost art. The reason seems to be in the fact that modern dancers consider the old-time dances much too "slow."

Nowadays dancing requires a knowledge of "monkey-like" actions, a constitution of a first-class order and a desire to exhaust the last ounce of energy in the body.

No one who has witnessed a public or private dance could come away with the impression that they had seen something beautiful.

Why is it that in present-day dance programmes one never sees a real dance? Are they too "slow" also? E. H. S.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Circulars.—Circulars make capital waste paper for scribbling on. Why discourage them?—F. M.

At the Sales.—The amount of money spent by "penniless" people at winter sales is all the more remarkable in that most of it has to be paid down at once—no credit. At other times, of course, it's simply "to account rendered."—No BILLS.

British Cooking.—Humbly situated people are those that suffer most from the badness of our cooking. We endure with many a groan the consequences of this dire fact—our domestic servants despise cooking as an art.—New Pook.

Save Dartmoor!—Surely nobody has a right legally to touch Dartmoor? Doesn't it belong to the Crown—and to the public?—A LOVER of THE MOOR.

Is Waltzing Tame?—When "Waltz Lover" was young probably waltzing was all that was taught. But dancers of to-day prefer "jolting about." Waltzing all the evening is rather tame, and we need brightening up after five years of war.—Two DANCING FLEAPERS.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 6.—At this season the owner of a small garden will find little to do outside. But indoors much useful work may be undertaken. Prune and paint labels and get ready a good supply of skates. The roots and corms of dahlias, gladioli, etc., should be looked over, and all diseased specimens thrown away.

Make out the seed order as soon as possible; many of the best vegetable seeds are often unobtainable in March.

Continue burning all rubbish that will not readily decay and store the ashes under cover until the spring. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Men combine for some higher object; and to that higher object it is, in their social capacity, the privilege and real happiness of individuals to sacrifice themselves. The highest political watchword is not Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, nor yet Solidarity, but Service.—A. H. Clough.

HEALTHY WOMEN

must wear "healthy" corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE CORSET OF HEALTH.

The Natural Ease Corset Style 2.

9/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with Special Detachable Suspender.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST
No bones of steel to drag, hurt, or break. No lacing at the back. No pressure on the chest. A perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes. It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

The history of the Health Corset may be set out in a few lines—it is founded on Science, improved by Experience and beautified by Art; its perfection is the result of the co-operation of the Artist and the Expert. These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom, and, especially housewives, and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Natural Ease" Corsets. They find freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

No goods sent without cash, but money willingly returned if dissatisfied.

Catalogue sent with Corsets.

Cross your Postal Orders and make payable to the

HEALTH CORSET COMPANY,
Dept. 7, Morley House,
26-28, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Bargains in Real Irish Household Linen

SMALL SIZED SHEETS

Bargains in Small Sheets for Single Beds.

Size, 54 x 78 in. ... 12/6 per pair.
" 60 x 78 in. ... 15/6
" 70 x 80 in. ... 17/6

All these sheets are made from romants and short pieces of good quality flannel, and in some instances the sheets are hemmed all round.

HEMSTITCHED SHEETS

Snow White Hemstitched Cotton Sheets, superior quality.

Size, 2 x 3 yards ... 27/6 per pair.
" 2 1/2 x 3 yards ... 30/-
" 3 x 3 yards ... 33/-

DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS.

Damask Table Cloth, good reliable quality, all more or less slightly imperfect.

2x2 yds. 11/6 each, floral & conventional designs.
2x2 1/2 yds. 12/6
2x3 yds. 17/6

KITCHEN CLOTHS.

One lot of Lined Cloths for Kitchen use, lettered "Kitchen, Partry, and Basin," 21 x 27 in. 13/6 per dozen.

PILLOW COTTON

Remnant Bundles of Pillow Cotton, very superior quality, to make 6 pillow cases, 20 x 30 in. 10/9 per bundle.

Add 6d. postage to orders less than 20/-.

OUR GUARANTEE.—Any goods not approved can be returned to be exchanged or money refunded.

Huttons 197, LARNE, IRELAND.

WRITE NOW FOR FREE CATALOGUE

The HUMAN HAIR

Why it Falls Off or Turns Grey and the Remedy.

By **PROF. HARLEY PARKER**
Author of "Scalp Massage," "Aric and the Hair," "Alopecia Areata," "The Hair and the Nervous System," etc. etc.

"Everybody should read this little book,"—*Spectator*.
The precepts he lays down for the management, preservation, and restoration of the hair are at once simple, lucid, and convincing.—*Medical Record*.

Price 7d. post free from

J. HARLEY PARKER, LTD. (Desk 3),
417, St. George's Road, Belgrave, London, S.W.1.



Mrs. E. SAMUEL

Mrs. E. SAUNDERS

"I was tortured with backache and kidney trouble. I dared not stoop for the pains that seemed to stab me like a knife. I was languid, depressed and irritable. I often stopped in the street, feeling so faint and helpless with the pain that I was afraid to move another step. I tried every remedy I heard of, but only seemed to get worse. At last I was advised to try De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and was astonished at the relief I obtained from the first few doses. I improved wonderfully within a week, and in a very short time I was delighted to find that I had completely shaken off my old trouble. I have been perfectly well ever since, and cannot praise these wonderful little pills too highly."

These are the words of Mrs. Samuel, of 77, Regent-street, Aberaman, Aberdare, who writes in June, 1919: "My cure has proved a permanent one. I am still in the best of health."

Mrs. Ellen Saunders, of 7, Chapel-lane, Selly Oak, near Birmingham, said in September, 1914: "I was a martyr to backache pains and urinary weakness for over ten years. The pains at times were terrible, attacking me right in the small of the back, as if I were being stabbed. Stopping to do household work was a torture, and I used to dread straightening my back again. I suffered acute pain and discomfort from bladder weakness. Doctors' prescriptions and advertised remedies of all kinds I tried to no purpose. Then eighteen months ago I tried De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills in sample form, and they gave me so much relief that I was encouraged to continue with them. After several boxes the pains left me altogether, and I began to feel quite well

and strong again. Since that time I have had no return of the dreadful pains, and my health has been remarkably good."

Five years later, in July, 1919, Mrs. Saunders writes: "I am still keeping in splendid health, thanks to De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. I shall always recommend them very strongly."

The kidneys filter the blood, and if the kidneys are out of order the blood becomes surcharged with a virulent poison called urea. You cannot mistake the warnings of this condition.

Headaches, bad breath, loss of appetite, neuralgia and nervous weakness are the earlier symptoms. Then comes backache, the first obvious sign that the kidneys are weak or diseased—dull, tired, sickening pains, that later on will become sharp and sudden, as if your back is breaking. Slowly the poison eats its way into the system, dragging-like uric acid crystals stabbing and lacerating the tissues, causing those excruciating shooting twinges we call rheumatism.

This is the simple, scientific truth about the developments of kidney disease. If you take steps to strengthen and tone up the kidneys, they will clear the poison from the body with ease. It is by this simple process that De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills conquer kidney disease. Dissolving in the stomach, the healing properties pass right through the kidneys and bladder, flushing them out and toning them up to a healthy condition. De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills never fail to give relief from pain within twenty-four hours, and in a very large number of severe and long-standing cases have seldom failed to effect a permanent cure.

DeWitt's PILLS

The World's Greatest Remedy for

Rheumatism,
Lumbago,
Sciatica,
Weak Back,

Cystitis,
Stone,
Gravel,
Gout,

Backache,
Tired feeling,
Most other forms of
Kidney Trouble

Sold by Boots and all first-class Chemists and Drug Stores everywhere at 2s. 6d. and 5s. per box. Trial box sent free on application to B. C. De Witt, (Dept. 366 A), 44-46, Rathbone-place, London, W.1, if you mention your Chemist's name and address.

Don't Read This Advertisement unless Real Bargains in FURS and FUR COATS interest you.

During this week we have reduced every garment 33 1/3 per cent., to effect a clearance of our surplus stock.

Some Examples of Bargains we are offering:

	Usual Price.	Present Sale Price.
6 only Persian Lamb Coats, Skunk Collar and Cuffs...	Gns. 110	70
3 only Seal Musquash Coats, Skunk Collar and Cuffs...	90	60
50 Coney Seal Coats...	21	14
15 Model Fur Coats, various Furs	40	26
20 Natural Musquash Coats, First Quality	45	30
35 Mole Coney Coats	30	18
50 Coney Coats, Skunk Collars	30	18
30 Large Skunk Wraps and Stoles	25	15
35 Large Skunk Muffs	17	10
70 Odd Fur Stoles	9	5
80 Skunk Opossum Stoles	6	3 1/2
40 Cloth Coats, lined fur	12	8
150 Velour Cloth Coats, fur collars...	6	4
40 Large Natural Musquash Stoles	7 1/2	5

Pay us an early visit as these bargains will soon be cleared.

Every purchaser during first week of this Sale will receive a small souvenir.

PERCY ROBINSON, Ltd.,

83, Westbourne Grove, W.

Phone Park 382.

Close Saturday 1 o'clock.

Rich Dark Kolinsky Coney Coats, New Shape. Usual Price 27 gns. Sale Price 18 gns.

DO YOU WANT A PERFUME THAT YOUR FRIENDS CANNOT COPY?

EACH woman wishes to possess on her toilet table a flask of perfume which is HER perfume and which none of her friends can copy. This is the reason why so many women attempt to blend mixtures with the perfumes sold by the various perfumers.

Struck with this fact, Mlle. Maud Richard, the famous director of the Laboratoire des Parfums Personnels, has made researches to find out if there would not exist a close relation between each person and a perfume of a determined formula. She has studied the perfumery art in the ancient formulas of the Florentine alchemists—perfumers of the Middle Ages. Happily she discovered the secret for which she searched, and the method for blending thousands of perfumes of different formulas, but each of which suits a particular person according to her date of birth.

By sending to Mlle. Maud Richard the date of your birth, her Laboratory will establish the formula of your personal perfume, and will inscribe it on her registers. This will be your perfume formula, which will be executed for you only and reserved for you only.

By sending to Mlle. Maud Richard, Laboratoire des Parfums Personnels, 47, Rue Rochefort, Paris, 9e, together with a postal order for 5s. or cheque for the same amount by registered post, you will receive a flask of your personal perfume.

COUPON No. 1.

To Mlle. MAUD RICHARD,
Laboratoire des Parfums Personnels,
47, Rue Rochefort, Paris, 9e.
Please send me, Post Free and Duty Free, my personal perfume.

Name.....

Address.....

Day, month, and year of Birth.....

I enclose 6/- or cheque.

SPECIAL OFFER.

The first 25,000 persons who send this coupon under the above conditions will receive at the same time as their flask of Personal Perfume special propaganda coupons which will subsequently give them the right to receive a bottle of perfume (established according to their particular formula) of the value of 15s.

SHARP'S SUPER KREEM TOFFEE

Because of its richness and wholesomeness is called THE SMILE MAKER.

Fold back sheet in 4th decorated line—also in 1st and 1th line.

Is There a Royal Road to the Piano?

If by this is meant proficiency with absolutely no effort—No. But a SHORT CUT to brilliant playing with two-thirds less work than by ordinary mechanical practice, there certainly is. The thousands of successful and famous chessmen, new Lessons, prove this beyond all doubt. They guide you to success almost without your realising that you are making serious effort. Courses graded to suit beginners who do not know a note of music to profess to play.

A BEGINNER: "Your exercise is splendid, and it is a real pleasure to practice. My reading is wonderfully improved, and I am anxious to learn the effortless manner in which the fingers find the proper keys."

J. D. (Crouch End)."

If you are a player or desire to play, you should read my book, "MIND, MUSCLE & KEYBOARD." It gives priceless information. I will send it FREE for postcard with address (Mrs. Miss, Rev. or Mr.), and word to suit your case—Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner. I will also send form for free places you under no obligation. I want you to know of my System.

MR. H. BECKER,
195 Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON E.C.1

Foster Clarks

Best Substitute for Meat.

2d Soups

DIVORCE IF THERE ARE NO CHILDREN?

NEW LAW THAT THREATENS ITALIAN HOME LIFE.

By PHILLIPA MARTIN.

Our contributor views the recent ruling of a Milan Court that divorce should be granted on the grounds of childlessness as most dangerous and cruel. She gives here some of her reasons for this decision.

SHOULD a marriage be annulled merely because it has proved childless? A Court in Milan, as I read, has answered yes, and Italy seems to approve the decision.

I have no doubt that many divorce enthusiasts in this country will also loudly acclaim the news, but I am sure that the great mass of the people will roundly condemn it. For it is not only cruel but utterly impracticable.

Who shall say when a marriage has definitely proved to be childless? Some of the happiest married couples I have ever met are those to whom children have been born after many years of married life.

I can imagine few things that would tend more to the complete demoralisation of ordered social life than to give the right to either husband or wife to demand a divorce simply because no children have been born of their union. As far as the woman is concerned it would be unthinkable brutal.

WHAT WILL THE DOCTORS SAY?

A state of affairs might arise when a man would have four or five wives or rather ex-wives living at the same time, one after the other turned off on the plea that she had failed to bear him a child. Are these women after a few years of comfortable married life to be thrown out upon the world to fend for themselves or is the husband to support all of them?

Similarly, I suppose, we might expect to find women with four or five ex-husbands living, for I assume that this modern "justice" will at least put the sexes upon a basis of equality.

The idea is archaic, eastern in its conception. It suggests the primitive laws of thousands of years ago.

It refuses to admit that one of the highest ideals of marriage is companionship and mutual help and comfort.

I am not qualified to discuss the medical aspect of this case, but I fancy the doctors, even in Italy, will have something very forcible to say as to the injustice of it. But as to the human side, of the deep sentiment of it I can speak.

It would prove an incentive to bad marriages, it would weigh down the balance in favour of the irresponsible, the immoral man or woman.

I am thankful to believe that our own sense of justice would never approve the punishment of any of its citizens for some act for which he or she was not responsible.

DEATH TO IDEAL OF HOME.

The knowledge that married life might be terminated simply on the grounds of childlessness would do much to kill true love; further, I am sure it would at once reduce the number of marriages and increase largely the number of irregular unions. The home ideal so dear to the hearts of the Anglo-Saxon people would of necessity be crushed out of existence.

How could any young bride be expected to leave her parents' home with all the comforts and love which she has known there if she were conscious of the fact that no new home was assured to her until she had become a mother, conscious of the fact that after a few years she might be abandoned by the man to whom she was proposing to trust her future?

And consider the man's position, too. Is he going to work hard, developing his ambitions, saving and building up a home for a wife whom he realises may possibly leave him after a few years, divorce him and become the wife of another man?

The whole idea is unthinkable. I have not yet seen the full details of the case at Milan. I do not know if the grounds upon which we read "the whole Italian Press" supports the ruling of its Courts, but I assume it is upon that modern cry for population, more citizens to pay the taxes and fight the wars.

If that be so, then Italy may become a more populous country, although I doubt that as a result of so harsh a law, but without doubt it will become a very unhappy country, a nation to which the sacredness of marriage is unknown, a nation filled with deserted and embittered men and women.

AMUSING TYPES OF SALE ENTHUSIASTS.

"SNATCHERS," "BEATERS," "DOWN" AND OTHERS.

By PHILLIDA.

I HAVE never been intrigued by sales. Not possessing the stamina of a Rugby international, or the physical attributes of a Joe Beckett, I have regarded them as not being in my line.

True, I have often sat in wistful contemplation of the rich treasure acquired by ardent "salers" of my acquaintance, but I have always considered silk-brace slippers at 25s. 11d. a pair, and Angora wool wraps at anything under £2, as elusive as chinchilla coats.

What is more, I have privately considered such booty dear at the expense of health, appearance and dignity.

On the occasion of rare visits to sales, I have never experienced a feeling of popularity with the assistants or my fellow-salers. But Daphne says I do not understand sales or their ways, whereas she has made a study of them and their various temperaments.

She has initiated me into the mysteries of "stalking" and "beating down."

The transference of a coveted object from the window where it is temptingly and inexpensively displayed to the sales' bag is a process that calls for much practice and cunning.

The treasure must be "stalked" carefully, yet carelessly, and with a studied aloofness for fear of the "snatcher."

Every saleswoman knows and dreads the snatcher. She boasts of little intelligence, initiative or individuality. She feeds upon the brains of other sales and is the most to be feared.

She tracks you from counter to counter like a silent menace—and she waits.

No sooner has your eye lit upon the jumper of your dreams, no sooner has the pean of praise escaped your lips—than it is snatched from your hands. You are too taken aback, and the material is too flimsy, to permit of your holding on. The snatcher offers no explanation or apology. Snatching is her line.

The experienced sales, says Daphne, never indulges in audible ecstasies over a treasure.

There are many tricks in the repertoire of the professional sales. One is, having stalked the object, to let the hand fall carelessly over it, entirely concealing it from view (if the object is large, a muff or the inside of a coat may be employed) until the snatcher has passed on.

Sometimes little awkwardnesses arise between you and the saleswoman who has observed your action, but no true sales let such trifles disturb her.

"Beating down" is a great art and needs much practice.

You seize upon some microscopic flaw in a pair of gloves, for instance, which are already priced greatly below cost.

You are distressed. You could not possibly have them now. You do not see how anybody could want them now. You find them back sorrowfully, wrenching off a couple of buttons in so doing, and sighing profoundly. They are damaged, you murmur, indicating the buttons.

Tentatively they are offered at half the sale price. You shake your head but stand your ground. You finally depart with a nearly perfect pair of gloves for one-fourth the stated price and a conviction that you have done the assistant a good turn in thus relieving her of them.



William Farnum, the film star, is seen in this picture entertaining an ardent little admirer.

HOW TO REDUCE HOUSEHOLD EXPENDITURE

TIME AND PATIENCE USED TO SAVE MONEY.

By ADA PERREN.

AS a housekeeper bent upon careful buying I am extremely puzzled by the experiences that fall to my lot in the course of doing my shopping, and although I personally—like, I suspect, most other buyers—can offer no explanation, my experiences will interest many readers.

Here are some amazing revelations arising out of my last Saturday's shopping. A well-known branded tinned milk which is sold universally at 1s. 3d. a tin I purchased at one large store for 1s. 2d.

A three-pound packet of candles was at six shops quoted at 3s. I succeeded in buying a packet of the same make for 2s. 4½d.

Matches quoted at 1s. per dozen in six shops I managed to secure at 9½d. (same brand) at the seventh.

Tinned pilchards I priced at six shops at 7d. I purchased in the end at 3½d.

Branded soap I was asked 11d. per bar for in half a dozen shops, and I obtained it at 9½d. (same brand) in the seventh.

For white starch my first six shops required 1s. per lb. I bought it at 7d.

These are a few examples of things that puzzle me—and I ask myself why cannot all the shops supply these goods at the lower price?

Personally, I find my regular hunt round the shops for lower prices something in the nature of a sport.

It seems to me that if we women put a little more of the old-time bargain hunting spirit into our ordinary household shopping we

should soon have the high-priced establishments bowing to us on our own terms.

This question of economy is the most vital one to all of us who have to spend to the best advantage a husband's income to provide food and comfort for a family.

What I have found is this: If I accept top prices as inevitable and make no special effort to find lower ones I have to suffer with the rest, but if every time I want to make a purchase I "put my thinking cap on" I manage to save at least a little, and sometimes a lot.

Here is a case in point.

I have a son who is seventeen, and I wanted to fit him out with a suit and an overcoat. He is exceptionally big for his age, and the first tailor I took him to estimated on the assumption that he was a "man's size," which is correct.

He asked me eight guineas for a suit of good material and ten guineas for an overcoat. Those figures sent me off on a journey round tailors' shops.

I continued the search over a second day, believing that buying in haste is a sure way to paying high prices.

I was amply rewarded for my trouble. I discovered a big shop in a principal London thoroughfare where I run to earth a suit and overcoat of fine durable quality and known as "mis-fits." They are fashionably cut, fit the boy admirably—and the price?

Well, the suit cost me four guineas and the overcoat six guineas, so that I saved over the tailor's estimate the sum of eight guineas!

It's true I spent two days over it—but two days at two guineas a day and the satisfaction of a victory at the end do much to fortify one against gloom and depression caused by the high cost of living.

EASTERN FOAM VANISHING CREAM



How to Beautify the Skin.

Mlle. Delysia's Advice.

This talented and beautiful actress writes:

"I have used 'EASTERN FOAM' and find it the finest of preparations for keeping the skin soft and smooth. It is so refreshing that everyone should use it."

The one way to beautify your skin and keep it in perfect condition is to use the "Cream of Fascination."

At the dance its use will enable you to attract its use in the most heated atmosphere.

It forms an excellent basis for powder.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS & STORES, 1s. 4d. per pot

The British Drug Houses, Limited, London.

Away-at home use "EASTERN FOAM"

LAVONA HAIR TONIC

nourishes the scalp and hair roots, prevents the hair falling out, eradicates scurf and dandruff, and restores prematurely grey hair to its natural colour. What is more, Lavona Hair Tonic promotes the growth of entirely new hair, a statement which is incontestably proved by the large number of letters received from all parts of the United Kingdom. In these communications the writers definitely assert that the use of Lavona Hair Tonic has in a most marked manner restored their fallen and faded hair after the failure of everything else they have tried. Lavona Hair Tonic is sold at 2s. 11d. and 4s. 3d. per bottle by all chemists, and each package contains a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back, so that the purchaser is fully covered against any possibility of risk, disappointment or loss if Lavona Hair Tonic does not prove to be a most efficacious tonic for the hair. Try it to-day and prove for yourself that Lavona Hair Tonic actually

PROVE IT'S NEW HAIR GROWTH

SIMPLE WAYS OF DEFEATING WINTER COLDS.

"It is folly," a well-known nose and throat specialist declared on an "Evening Standard" representative, "to start the winter by allowing the reserves of health stored up during the summer holiday to be frittered away by that most exhausting and tiresome malady, the common cold. Once let it get a grip of the system in the first cold spell and you will have the enemy within the gate all through the winter." Bomb him out! The article then goes on to suggest how this may be done, and includes such valuable advice as the avoidance of wrapping up the throat, but it omits to add that probably the quickest way of defeating even the worst cold (and cough for that matter) is to take Bitrate of Tar, a cough syrup that has proved its value in curing even the most stubborn cases. The soothing vapours of Bitrate of Tar permeate every part of the bronchial tract, loosening the phlegm and easing the chest in a wonderful manner. There are germ-destroying properties in Bitrate of Tar, too, and these are of great value in speedily terminating the cold; in fact, you have only to take Bitrate of Tar to-day and to-morrow your cold will be gone. Every good chemist sells Bitrate of Tar at 2s. a bottle and enclosed with every package is a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back, so that there is no risk of loss or disappointment, and a trial of it costs nothing unless it completely succeeds.—(Advt.)

NURSERY RHYMES IN TABLEAUX.



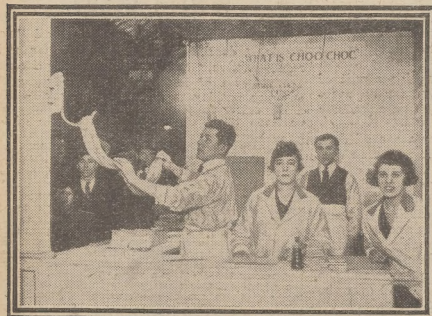
Tableaux vivants of the "Cautionary Tales" of Mr. Hilaire Belloc are to be produced at St. George's Hall in aid of the Y.M.C.A. Above is a scene from "Jim, who ran away from his nurse and was eaten by a lion."



TACKLED A RATTLESNAKE.—Miss Gladys Dittmars, daughter of the head of the New York Zoo, accompanied her parents on an expedition in search of fresh specimens. Armed only with a box and a pole she succeeded in capturing, single-handed, a huge rattlesnake, which is now housed in the Zoo.



SIGNOR NITTI IN ENGLAND.—The Italian Premier, accompanied by his English Ambassador, arrives at Downing-street. Recent events in Italy will afford plenty of food for discussion.



BACK TO EARTH AGAIN.—Mr. Korne, a demobilised flying officer, has opened a tuckshop at the World's Fair, Islington. Mr. Korne and his staff making sweets.



GOING, GOING, GONE.—All round the coast Government vessels are being sold. The picture shows an auctioneer selling a motor-launch at Newlyn, Cornwall. The first bid was £200, but competition soon raised the figure.

AN INVALID.



The Viscountess Drumlanrig, who has just undergone an operation for appendicitis. Her numerous friends among society and the general public wish her a speedy restoration to health.

WINTER SPORTS



At St. Moritz, Switzerland, winter sports and a merry party awaits.



A fair exponent of the gentle art of skiing easily performs the difficult feat of turning.



REVENGE.—Admiral Meurer, who has just received a New Year's message from the German Navy, is pictured here.



SYLVIA'S LOVER.—Miss Desirée Ellinger, who sings so delightfully as Sylvia in "Sylvia's Lovers," will be married tomorrow to Lieutenant-Colonel A. Stirret, M.C., of the Canadian Forces.



A STRIKING CREPE.—A dress of black crepe with an attractive floral pattern affords a striking contrast.



THE LATE BARON ASTOR.—By his will the late Baron leaves the bulk of his New York estate to his younger son.

THICK ICE AND SNOW TO MARRY D.S.O. LIVE DRAMA AT THE KINGSWAY



is usual, in full swing. In the midst of snow-clad
rn on the village toboggan run.



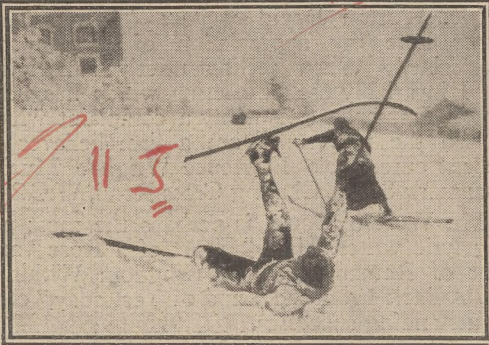
Miss Eileen Shortt, eldest daughter of Mr.
E. Shortt, K.C., M.P., the Home Secre-
tary and formerly Secretary for Ireland.
She is to marry Lieutenant-Colonel
Thomas Garraway, D.S.O.



A tense moment in the new play "In the Night," at the Kingsway Theatre. Alfred Drayton as
Rene Levatier accuses George Guerand (Reginald Owen), his wife's lover, of theft.



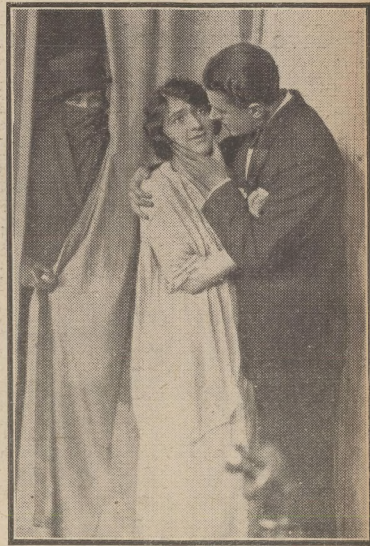
ATTION. — A beautiful
da Chine trimmed with
thand. The trail of
inctive finishing touch.



The mere male is not so successful: his efforts meet with the disas-
trous fate common to all novices.



MAETERLINCK IN AMERICA. — Mau-
rice Maeterlinck, the celebrated author
and poet, has arrived at New York to at-
tend the production of "The Blue Bird"
at the Metropolitan Opera House.



The gentleman burglar (Mr. Leslie Fawcett) awaits
the withdrawal of the wife, and her clandestine
lover to afford him an opportunity.



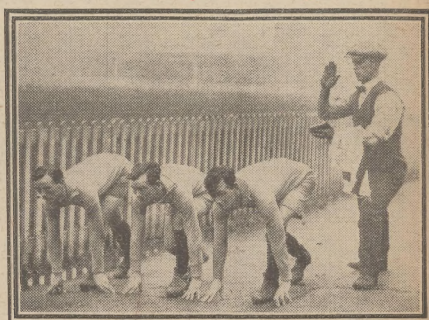
A HABIT, NOT A HOBBY. — Far above the
madding crowd this workman journeys to
and from his work free from the wear and
tear of modern transport experienced by his
fellow men.



LABOUR M.P. TO
RESIGN. — Mr. T.
Richards, who will
devote himself to the
South Wales Miners'
Federation.



SWORD OF HONOUR FOR M.P. — Colonel Archer Shee,
C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P. for Finsbury, receiving a sword of
honour at the Town Hall. Mr. C. P. Sandiman made the
presentation before a crowded assembly.



ALL IN THE TEAM. — Three brothers, John, James and
Sam Tonner, are all members of the team for Clapton
Orient. Training for the match against Manchester City.



CAPT. JOHN JACOB
ASTOR. — The estate
will fall to Capt. Astor.
The elder son and the
baron's daughter are
not mentioned.

On Friday will appear

PART I

of

The Times SURVEY ATLAS OF THE WORLD

The Most Complete and
Authoritative Reference
Atlas of the Century.

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His Majesty the King.

The 112 entirely new Plates engraved
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Geographical Institute, under the direction
of Dr J. G. Bartholomew LL.D. F.R.S.E.,
F.R.G.S., Cartographer to the King, stand
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WORTON DAVID

THE FAMOUS SONG WRITER.

Mr. Worton David writes:—"I would like to register here my appreciation of your wonderful 'Phosferine.' When feeling utterly run-down and unfit I invariably use Phosferine, which has tided me through Influenza and many a complaint which has attacked the nerves. I am a firm believer in this excellent cure"—c/o Lawrence Wright's Music Co., 8, Denmark Street, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

Mr. Worton David is perhaps the most popular living lyric writer. His "Heart of a Rose" and "A Night of Romance," "The Kingdom Within Your Eyes," "Back From the Land of Yesterday," etc., etc., are outstanding successes.

This celebrated song writer attributes his freedom from brain fog and nervous exhaustion entirely to the revitalising properties of Phosferine. Phosferine enables the nerve centres to create the vital force to outlast any extra effort or emergency.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Nervous Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Ma aria
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fog	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL BUSINESS NOTE.

Phosferine is made in liquid and tablet form. The liquid is particularly convenient for Business Men and Women, Travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required. The 3s. tube is small enough to carry in the pocket and contains 30 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by a Chemist, Stores, etc.
Prices: 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s. The 3s. size contains nearly four times the 1s. 3d. size.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
A CHRISTIEFIELD Settee and 2 Large Clot Duan Lounge Easy Chairs, complete, 25 guineas, quite unsoiled and equal to new; 9 sets of these and 130 other Settees and Easy Chairs, removed from West End Club in liquidation; specification as follows: Adjustable and Chesterfield Settee, 2ft. 9in. long, squabbed spring and covered dark green or maroon rexine leather; 2 full-size lounge Easy Chairs to match; photo. on application; seen any time, 9 to 7, where now lying for sale—The Furniture and Fine Art Depositories, Ltd., by Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain, Park Street, Upper Street, Finsbury, N. 1.
As supplied to H.M. Admiralty, White Turkish Towels, 49 x 24, super quality, 6 for 17s. 6d.; sample 3s. 3d. post free. A most useful Xmas Gift.—W. Coad, Contract Dept., Uxbridge.
PHOTOS Enlarged to life size from any copy, 16 x 20. Price 12s. 6d.—Please forward photos to Leroy, Ltd., 624, Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Phone: MAYfair 5559.

STAINLESS KNIVES.—Absolutely Stainless and Rustproof; S appearance of Silver always; knife-cleaning machine abolished, therefore 20 ordinary sized knives, small dinner knives, 20s.; large, 22s.; half-dozen, quality guaranteed; sample, 3s. 6d.; Cutlery and Plate Catalogue free—J. D. Dixon, 142, Oakbrook-road, Shalford, Bay district.
WHEELS, VEHICLES, HAND-TRUCKS, ETC.
Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
A GOOD selection of motor-cycles for sale; all makes, for 15cwt. to 5-ton loads; new and used; for cash or monthly payments. Inspect at Worthmore, 34, Victoria-st., Westminster, London, S.W. (Phone, Victoria 5997), and at Cathedral House, Long Millgate, Manchester.
CHILD'S Pedal Motor.—Complete set underworks to make at home, 32s. 6d., 34s. 6d., 37s. 6d., etc., with detail diagram for making Body of Car and mounting. Suit child up to 8 or 9 years of age. 25,000-Wheel in stock, all kinds and sizes.—The Pedal Car Works (Est. 1869), Dept. 14, 63, New Kent-road, London. Close early Saturdays. Phone HOp 2329.—List free.



THE DANCE

BEFORE entering the Ballroom, the Pond's—the ORIGINAL—Vanishing Cream—will give the complexion all the freshness and radiant glow of perfect health and render the skin beautifully soft and supple. Immediately after the finale, too, Pond's will protect the complexion from the night air and remove all traces of fatigue.
Pond's alone possesses the magic power to rouse pale and sallow complexions, and obliterate redness and skin blemishes. It makes the skin of fine texture and delicate colouring—just as Nature intended.
Non-sticky, non-greasy, Pond's vanishes immediately into the pores, leaving the skin delightfully perfumed with the subtle fragrance of Jacquemont roses.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in Opat Jars with Aluminium Screw Lids, 1/3 & 2/6

Pond's Vanishing Cream

POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 36), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Rate, 3s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
ACT for the Film-Beginners wanted immediately to train for this interesting Profession.—Call or write, Star Academy, 19, St. Paul's Church, Finsbury Park, N. 4.
ART—How to sketch for profit; write for free booklet.—Art Studio, 125, Strand, W.C.2.
BIO Salaries—Good Positions for Youths from 15 to the Cable and Wireless Services. Mod fees.—Apply for Prospectus, D.M. London Telegraph Training College, 262, Kent's Court, rd. S.W.5.
CINEMA Acting—Enthusiastic people required for this paying profession; see list prospects.—W. 18 or call, Metford and Wallace, 29, L.wich-road, He n. HILL S.E. 24.
COOK General; maisonette, Davies-st. W. 1; 2 maids wage.—Mrs H. Tuke Fraser, 54 Davies-st, Berkeley-q. W. 1.
COOK-GENERAL wanted, small house, three in family, or two young maids.—Samuels, 22, Westmoreland, West Hampstead.
GIRLS at 14, simple work in Post Office buildings in London; minimum height 5ft.; wages and wage bonus and free tuition for educational exams for higher appointments in the Post Office.—Apply by letter only, Controller, 200a, Upper Thames-street, E.C.4.
LADY Agents wanted, rare bonds share time, selling knitted jumpers, scarves, etc. from actual makers; stamp particulars.—Nelson Knitting Co., Nelson-st., South and on Sea.
LEARN Dictation's 24-Hour shorthand; booklet free.—Barton's College, D. 3, R.2, St. James's.
SHORTHAND TYPIST required for up-to-date News paper Editor's Office; lady; pleasant post; students, etc. free desirable; state speeds and salary required.—Box 327, 11, W. 11.
TWO young Maids required for small house, three in family.—Samuels, 22, Westmoreland, Cricklewood.
2300—2400-2500 a year for certificated book keepers postal tuition, 5s. monthly, including books; success guaranteed at two advanced examinations; prospectus testimonials from prosperous past students, etc. free on application.—City Correspondence College (Dept. 34), 16, Basinghall-street, London, E.C.4.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
ARTIFICIAL Teeth Old Bought.—Messrs Page & Co. dental manufacturers, 65, Oxford-st., London, W. 1 the original firm, who do not advertise elsewhere, prices of old post and receive full value per return at their established 100 years.
ARTIFICIAL Teeth Old Bought.—We pay 20 per cent more than other firms, correspondence confidential call or post.—The London Teeth Co. Dept. F.D. 81, Baker-street, W. 1.
ARTIFICIAL Teeth Old Bought.—Messrs Page & Co. more than any other firm, on valuations up to 7s. each tooth, silver 12s., gold 15s., platinum 22, according to material, call or post parcels; immediate cash or offers mention "Daily Mirror"—Messrs Page, 219, Oxford-st. London, E.C.2 150 years.
OLD Cut Glass Candelsticks will give high price for good material.—Folkards, 355, Oxford-street.
OLD False Teeth Jewellery, etc.—Highest possible price given or offers by return. If not accepted goods returned immediately, post free.
OLD Gold, increased prices. Diamonds, Pearls, Emeralds set—Rayburn and Co. 105, Market-st., Manchester.
O'Silver, market quotation.—Folkards (Estd 1814), W. 1, all not registered.
PIANO Wanted urgent, upright iron frame or small upright, C or D 13, Cotten Park-road, S.E.4.
SPECIAL Prices Given high-class Ladies' Gent's Cast, 1 only.—Pearce and Co., 125, Gray's Inn-road, London.
WANTED Artificial Teeth, Old Jewellery, Watches, Gold Silver and Plated Goods (any condition); at 4 value or less.—Stanley and Co., 33, Oxford-st., W. 1.
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PIANOFORTEPS.—Before you buy a piano or player-piano, write for a copy of our practical instrument plan. Moore and Moore, 61, Albion House, New Oxford-street, W.C.1. Famous British Piano Makers since 1855.



Lady Henry, who has been mentioned as a possible candidate for the Wrekin Division.



Miss Molly Whitehead, who is engaged to Mr. Murdoch McLeod, son of Sir Charles McLeod.

SATURDAY PEACE.

A Stage Star's Possible Engagement—Forged Currency as Bolshevik Ruse.

WE ARE NOW TOLD that peace will be finally ratified on Saturday. Thus we come to the official "end of the war," though it is nearly fourteen months since the last shot was fired. By a coincidence, it was on a Saturday that the Germans signed the Treaty at Versailles, and London gave itself up to decorous rejoicing.

Premier for Paris.

It is now finally decided that Mr. Lloyd George shall start for Paris to-morrow. He will probably be away for a fortnight, and hopes to come back with all outstanding questions straightened out.

Fiume's Future.

It will probably be found that at the renewed conferences between Allied Premiers at Paris the British proposals will include the internationalisation of Fiume, the ending of Turkish political power in Europe and the Straits, with the retention at Constantinople of a symbol of the Sultan's power as Khalif.

Lenin and the Currency.

Why is so much surprise expressed about the American discoveries of vast quantities of forged notes put into circulation by the Bolsheviks? Lenin's plan of upsetting the stability of the Western world by circulating unlimited piles of forged notes has long been known, and the British Government are well aware that the Bolsheviks have made wonderful counterfeits of all the principal currency notes.

How the Treasury Helps.

Yet really there is no need for Lenin to busy himself in this way. He has only to sit down and wait, for all the Governments of Europe are pouring out currency notes at a speed sufficient to insure their own ultimate collapse. When is our own Treasury going to stop the process of currency inflation within these shores?

Reorganisation.

As a result of recent by-elections Mr. Lloyd George, on his return from Paris, will reorganise the Coalition machinery. The details are to be worked out while he is away.

The Fateful Month.

I have excellent reasons for saying that the coal crisis may be brought to a climax as early as next month. It promises to develop into



Lady Fairbairn is giving a series of dances.



Miss M. S. Fyfe will be married this month to Maj. Greville M. Fyfe.

another conflict between the Triple Alliance and the community with nationalisation as the chief point at issue.

Lucky Clerks.

Mr. Norman Craig, in leaving a legacy to his clerk, only followed the custom of successful barristers. The clerk to a busy K.C. makes a good thing of it. If you see a prosperous-looking gentleman in a silk hat strolling through the Temple he is more likely to be a clerk than a barrister.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Amalgamation.

There is a rumour in Civil Service circles that the Ministry of Munitions, the Office of Woods and Forests, the Stationery Office and a few other Departments are to be amalgamated so as to form the proposed Ministry of Supply.

Sir Thomas, Organist.

To-morrow the organ at St. Margaret's, Westminster, will be played by Sir Thomas Beecham. This is because one of the Beecham company's prime donne, Miss Desirée Ellinger, is getting married. The bridegroom is Lieutenant-Colonel Sturrett, a Canadian officer. There will be a notable gathering of musical folk, both in the church and at the reception afterwards at the Hyde Park Hotel.

One Maid Only.

The Hon. Bertha Best, who is to be married to-day at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to Lieutenant-Colonel Guy Atkinson, D.S.O., will be an original bride in that she is only to have her sister, the Hon. Marion Best, as an attendant, instead of the long string of bridesmaids one usually sees at a big society wedding. Lord Wynford will give his sister away, and she is to wear white and gold.

New Peer.

Lord Sherborne was eighty when he died, but the new baron is still in the prime of life, being forty-seven. He was at the "School" and has been soldiering all his life; first in the Cameronians and later in the Royal Scots. He went through the South African campaign as well as the late war. The new heir is the Hon. Charles Dutton, who is nine.

Another New Peer.

A very well-known figure is removed by the death of that expert on currency, Lord Cunliffe. He is succeeded by his eldest son, the Hon. Rolf Cunliffe, who is twenty. All Lord Cunliffe's five children were the result of his second marriage. It was in 1896 that he wedded Miss Edith Cunningham Boothby, of St. Andrews.

Putting Us On Our Feet.

Increased tube and bus fares would mean that many of the poorer paid workers have to do a little more walking. This would involve hardship in individual cases, but I am not sure that it would not improve the public health. The average indoor worker gets hardly any exercise in the fresh air.

No Halfpenny Fares.

It is always a source of astonishment to provincial visitors to see for what short journeys Londoners will insist on using the public vehicles. In the days of halfpenny fares and even after their abolition it was usual to see a person jump on to a tram at the corner of a street, ride to the corner of the next and then drop off.

Anti-Bolshevist.

I find in Prebendary A. W. Gough a stalwart anti-Bolshevist, never tired of denouncing their doctrines. He has been over twenty years vicar of the Old Brompton Parish Church, and his congregation on a Sunday morning is usually something like 1,700 people. During the war he did good work among the troops at Salonika and on the Western front.

A New M.F.H.

I hear that on the retirement of Mr. Herbert Straker from the mastership of the Zetland Hounds the pack will be taken over by Lord Barnard. Mr. Straker's brother was killed recently while hunting.

Commons Champions.

Here is a hint to Mr. C. B. Cochran. Why not match Commander Kenworthy against Lieutenant-Colonel James? Their political views are diametrically opposite, but they are both ex-heavy-weight champions—one of the Army and the other of the Navy.

The Prince's Speeches.

The Prince of Wales likes to speak extempore. Some of his popular utterances have been unprepared. He dislikes having to read a speech.

Yesterday's "Agony."

This thrilling message appeared in a morning paper yesterday: "Spanish Dancer.—Your eyes are your own as truly as anything is our own on this wee globe. Consider, central director of energy.—The Play."

Coming Events!

There have been persistent rumours in the theatreland of late that charming Miss Winifred Barnes is engaged to be married to Mr. West de Wend Fenton. I saw Mr. De Wend Fenton yesterday, and he told me that although nothing has actually been arranged, this was a case in which rumour had possibly anticipated coming events.

Theatrical Ladies.

There is one thing about stage folk: they are just as enthusiastic about their own charities as about other people's. Accordingly there will be great doings at the Alhambra on January 18, when there will be a matinee in aid of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild of Charity. One very useful activity of the Guild is providing dresses for artists to enable them to get "shops"—which is the technical name of engagements.

A Football Tale.

High prices are bad enough, but are positively diabolical when you don't get value for your money. A friend bought a boy's football, paying half a guinea for what was described as a thoroughly sound, reliable article. The first time it was used a seam split.

Neck or Nothing.

"Cinema neck" is the latest ill with which our flesh is to be made to creep. Does anybody remember the scare a few years ago about "conductor's arm"? Several women were said to be found suffering from an obscure complaint of the upper arm, said to be caused by the grip of the conductor in helping them on to the bus!

A Lucky Boy's Sanctum.

Children are luxurious little people these days. A small boy friend showed me his own little room with great pride the other day. A nursery-rhyme-bordered carpet, curtains and bedspread to match were the fitting accompaniments for the neat white enamelled furniture, on which Boy Blues, Red Riding Hoods and Peter Pans tripped gaily.

"His Happy Home."

Why "His Happy Home," which was produced at the Comedy Theatre the other afternoon, should be called a farce I do not pretend to understand. Certainly it is not particularly funny, and the general theme is rather unpleasant. The production is redeemed from actual dullness by some sparkling acting on the part of Miss Cathlyn Young and Miss Helen Haye.

"A Children's Party."

I hear from Lady Cooper that she is delighted with the way in which the tickets for her children's party to-day at the Mansion



Miss Bessie Clifford is returning to the United States.



Mr. B. Reynolds, just demobbed, is in "Magdalen" at the Oxford.

House are selling. Among the many little guests will be Miss Gladys Cooper's children, Joan and Rodney Buckmaster.

An Empire Introducer.

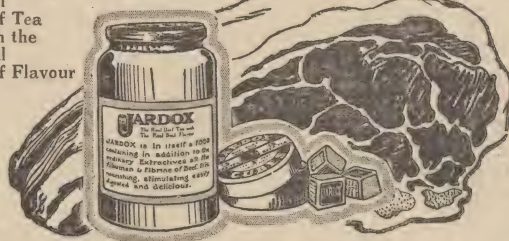
Have you noticed, by the way, how many recent books have introductions by Lord Bryce? Is he qualifying for the post of Empire Introducer—like Lord Rosebery became the Orator of the Empire?

The Uncrowned King.

Colonel Lawrence, who has often been called "the uncrowned King of Arabia," was recently elected to a fellowship at All Souls College, Oxford. When he made his first entrance into the college after his election the porter, who knows half the Englishmen who have "done things," addressed him as "Colonel." Lawrence replied: "I'm not Colonel any longer. I've done with the Service, and I'm plain 'mister' now."

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with the
Real
Beef Flavour



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THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY M. AYRES

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, promised to marry **JEFFREY STAFFORD**, a strong, determined man, to whom **LAURIE ROSS**, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

ALLISON LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.

Meg having fled to Herne Bay, promises Leslie Stafford—a young man who had at one time been adopted by Jeffrey Stafford—that she would return to her husband.

THE RETURN.

WE went back to London by the first possible train. "Are you very angry with me?" Leslie Stafford asked deprecatingly as the train raced on through the snowy world.

I shook my head. "Angry! Oh, no; but—well, it's rather ignominious, isn't it, having to go back like this?"

"Some day you'll be glad that you did," he said.

I looked at him curiously. "You know, you're a strange sort of man," I said impulsively. "You run yourself down and call yourself a black sheep, and all the rest of it, and yet—you've sent me back to—Jeffrey! I wonder why!"

"I told you; because I feel that I owe him a great deal, and that I am glad in some small way to repay the debt."

"And shall I ever see you again?" I asked.

"The colour rose to his face and he laughed. "Your husband will not be at all likely to invite me to dinner, if that is what you mean," he said.

"I shall write to you then," I said confidently. "I must write to you to send that money back. I must owe you ever so much now."

He answered my question by asking another. "What explanation of last night do you intend to give your husband?"

I hesitated, then I said: "I suppose I had better tell him the truth, back to back." He looked up quickly. "I beg you will do nothing of the sort," he said almost angrily. "It can only do harm to speak of me. Jeffrey . . ." He shrugged his shoulders. "I am afraid it would be difficult to make him see things as you and I know them to have been."

There was a little silence.

"Very well, if you would rather," I said reluctantly. "I won't let him know that we met at all. . . . I suppose it was rather—unconventional, wasn't it?"

He did not answer, and, thinking he had not heard, I went on: "I suppose a letter will always find you at that address at Herne Bay."

"Yes, or at my club," he gave me the name of it. "I am more often in town than not," he added.

I began to be horribly nervous as we neared London. I could not imagine what sort of a reception I should meet with.

Had Jeffrey told Mrs. Stafford, and, if so, should I find her at the hotel also? I was more afraid of her than I was of her son.

When we reached Victoria, Leslie Stafford took down my dressing-case from the rack.

"I'll get you a taxi," he said. "Don't you hurry. I'll run on—there's sure to be a crush."

He looked down at me with a little smile, then held out his hand.

"I Good-bye, Mrs. Stafford," he said, "and don't run away again. Next time you may not be so lucky."

"Lucky!" I echoed, not understanding.

"I mean," he explained, "that you may fall into hands even less scrupulous than mine."

He opened the door and got out before there was time to answer, and I followed slowly.

There were crowds of people about as Leslie Stafford had said there would be, and I had to wait some minutes at the barrier before he joined me.

"Sorry to be so long," he said. "I had a job to get a taxi to come along."

He gave up both tickets and took hold of my arm to guide me through the crowd at the barrier, and at that moment my eyes fell on a face I knew. It was Allison Lee.

I felt the hot blood mounting to my cheeks. I had made a little movement to draw my arm from Mr. Stafford's, when he released me of his own accord and raised his hat, and the next moment she was lost to me.

"That girl—you knew her?" I asked.

"I did—yes. Miss Lee, her name is," he looked down at me. "Why, do you know her, too?" he asked.

"Yes." We walked towards the taxi.

"I met her at Jeffrey Stafford's one night at dinner," he explained casually, "before I was finally ostracized, of course. I rather liked her."

"She is very nice indeed," I said lamely.

I wondered what Allison could be thinking of, the morning after my wedding day arm-in-arm with a man who was not my husband.

Mr. Stafford put me into the taxi and I gave him the name of the hotel.

He shut the door and stood back, and with a sudden forlorn little feeling I stretched my hand to him through the open window.

"If you knew how—scared I feel," I said tremulously.

He squeezed my hand reassuringly.

"Nonsense. Everything will be quite all right."

"I'll write and tell you," I said.

He did not answer that; he just raised his hat, and the taxi started away.

So my wild adventure had ended like this! And here I was back again in town. I felt ashamed, like a child who has run away in anger, and who has had to return, not knowing what else to do.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

What would Jeffrey say to me? I could not imagine, but I did hope, deep down in my heart, that he would be kind and try to make some allowance for me.

I had never felt so nervous in all my life as I did when the cab stopped at the hotel, and I got out.

It was only then that I remembered I had no money. I stood for a moment staring helplessly at the driver, then I turned quickly to the hotel porter, who had come down the steps to me.

"Please pay the fare," I said, with an attempt at ease which I was miles from feeling. "I have no change, I am staying here."

I tried to speak naturally, but my heart was racing so that it was difficult.

Was I still staying there? How did I know that Jeffrey had not given up the rooms and taken away all my things.

I looked round the lounge with scared eyes. There were a good many people there, but Jeffrey was not amongst them, and I went upstairs with a limbs that shook beneath me.

The door of my room was open, and I could see a fire burning.

Was Jeffrey there? I was almost fainting with fear as I went forward, but there was nobody in the room.

It looked just as it had done when I left it yesterday afternoon. My boxes were there and some odds and ends I had left on the dressing-table.

Laurie had put the flowers Jeffrey had sent me into a vase on the table, and their sweet scent filled the room.

I stood on the threshold feeling like a dishonest intruder.

How dared I come back like this! How dared I expect to be received as if nothing had happened.

I could not stay—it was impossible. I would go to Laurie. He would be angry, of course—perhaps he would refuse to allow me to stay with him—but even his anger would be preferable to facing Jeffrey Stafford again.

I think I had never realised until that moment the enormity of what I had done, the monstrousness of having talked and written a word of farewell or explanation to the man who, after all, had treated me well.

Panic settled about my heart. I had turned to rush away again when the door of the room adjoining mine opened from inside, and Jeffrey Stafford himself stood there.

I could not have escaped had I wished, for he saw me at once, and the dressing case I carried dropped nervously from my hand as I waited for his condemnation.

For a moment he stood like a man turned to stone, his face like grey granite; then his tall figure swayed a little, and he caught at the door frame as if to steady himself.

But it was only for a moment; the next he had recovered and walked towards me.

"So you've come back," he said, and I thought that his voice was like granite too in its hard expression.

He waited an instant; then: "To what am I indebted for the honour?" he asked.

I tried to speak, but at first no words would come.

"I'm sorry," I came back because the story—that's why. . . . I know—I know I shouldn't have gone, but . . . I know I shouldn't have gone."

Words carried no conviction with them, I knew, but I could find no others, and when they were spoken I just stood helplessly looking at him, waiting.

He moved beyond me and shut the door behind him, and he came back.

"I have told the maid here to pack your things, but as you have returned perhaps you will prefer to do them yourself. I have given up these rooms, and they have to be vacated at once."

He spoke as if to an absolute stranger, or perhaps even to a servant from whom he expected obedience.

"Where are my dry lips. . . . Where—where are we going?" I asked, faintly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "You are free to go where you please—to your brother, or to friends."

He paused, and his cold eyes rested on my face as if he did not even see me, or as if he saw me now for the first disillusioned moment, before he said:—

"Have done with you."

And no word of mine can describe the terrible finality of his voice, the finiteness of his words.

I swayed forward against the table. I felt as if I were going to faint. There was real live fear now in my heart.

A COLD RECEPTION.

I HAD wished to be free of him. I had said that I would not live with him, and yet—now that he no longer wanted me—the knowledge left me with a terrible feeling of desolation.

The overpowering scent of the flowers on the table made me feel sick. I have hated the sight of white lilies ever since.

Jeffrey had moved to the door before I found my voice with a little hoarse cry. "Laurie won't want me. . . . You know he won't."

He looked round at me with absolute indifference.

"Then you can make some other arrangement," he said. "You will have plenty of money. I want you to marry."

"I don't want your money."

The faintest cynical smile crossed his face. "I understood that was your sole reason for marrying me," he said, and his fingers went again to his watch.

"You seem to forget that I am your wife," I said. I did not mean to speak the words, but

they seemed to escape me against my will. He came back a step then, so that I could see the dark pupils of his eyes, and the hard line of his lips.

"I did not forget that I married you, if you mean that," I panted in despair.

"I have no intention of forgetting it. I shall provide for you, of course. Otherwise you are free as you were—twenty-four hours ago. That is all. It will get my solicitor to write to you about further arrangements."

He turned again to the door, and I watched him go feeling as if an icy blast had struck all power of feeling from my body.

I don't know what I had expected him to say or do, but I know that I had not expected this, and though, of course, I knew I had behaved badly more than enough for my requirements.

I rushed after him and caught his arm.

"Jeffrey, wait just a moment. I want to speak to you. Oh, please—please!"

He frowned, and discouraged himself from my grasp, but he came back and shut the door once again.

"I dislike scenes," he said, "and there is nothing more to be gained by useless argument."

"But there is—there is!" I panted in despair.

"Oh, I know I've behaved badly, but there was no harm in what I did last night. I'll tell you the exact truth—everything. I ran away because I was so tired, and I seemed so terrible and impossible, but now that you will only forgive me, and—and—let me stay with you—"

I broke off, ashamed before the steadiness of his eyes.

"I am not asking me to believe that you have suddenly discovered an overwhelming affection for me, are you?" he asked cuttingly.

"And if it is only the money you are afraid of losing I have already told you that you shall have more than enough for your requirements."

The words were so coldly calculating that I felt as if he had struck me, and I cried out passionately:—

"Oh, you are a brute—a brute!"

"Jeffrey laughed. "You have told me that before—several times," he said, and he went out of the room, shutting the door quietly behind him, and this time I did not dare to try and stop him.

I sat down by the fire, shivering. It was all like some bad dream. Twice I pinched myself to make sure that I was not really asleep.

In the last twenty-four hours I had ruined my whole life, not only by my reckless marriage, as I had at first believed, but doubly by the mad impulse which had driven me to try and escape from his bondage.

So you are like my brother, after all—not sufficiently manly to stand by a bargain!

It was here in this very room that he had spoken those words to me, and they had made me very indignant.

Now I felt that I had been deserved.

With all his faults, Jeffrey Stafford was an honourable man and, to his way of thinking, both Laurie and I had committed the unpardonable sin of dishonour.

Now I felt that I had come to me to offer me my freedom and to pardon Laurie without exacting the price of our marriage. Surely there was something noble in a man who could make such an offer after all that had occurred!

I remembered how Leslie Stafford had called him a fine man, and although he had quarrelled with him he had wished to do the best he could for his sake to save our marriage from utter disaster.

What was to become of me now? Our house at Kensington was already in agents' hands, and the furniture advertised to be sold.

I would not want me to live with him; he was only just congratulating himself on his newly-acquired freedom. To be widowed, then, could I go?

I hid my face in my hands, and the tears ran down my cheeks. Nobody in all the world wanted me, and I thought of Anthony with a very agony of longing.

All my misery had begun with his death, and now his death lay indirectly at my door. I felt that as I looked back across a gap of twenty years at the happy, irresponsible girl I had been the night I married him, I was ashamed.

Surely if I looked at myself now in the glass I should see myself with grey hair and a lined face.

The maid came presently to my room. "Mr. Stafford has packed for you, madam," she said timidly. Of course, she must have known that something terrible had happened. Of course, she must have missed me from my room last night.

I shook my head; I was ashamed for her to see my tear-stained face.

"I can manage alone quite well, thank you," I said.

"I still see hesitated. "Isn't there anything I can do?" she asked again sympathetically.

"No, thank you; nothing."

She went away reluctantly, and I got up and mechanically began to put my things back into the wardrobe, the tears running down my face all the while.

I should have to go to Laurie, of course; I knew that. And if he refused to take me in. . . . I dared not look beyond that thought.

What was my brother after all! not sufficiently honourable to stand by a bargain. . . .

Why was it, I wondered, that of all I had suffered since that winter night those words hurt the most? It was because after all—they were cruelly true!

I sat on the floor and, tearing my head off the half-packed box, sobbed my heart out.

For the next instalment will appear to-morrow.

THE METHODS OF A MODEL

THE model seated herself on the dais. She was not a young woman, but there was a strange beauty in her face which was that of dark-brown hair. I went over and arranged her draperies. "Do you mind if I take your hair down?" I asked. "I want to do it up in a particular way." She nodded, and I pulled out the pins. She was astonished at the flood of soft hair they released.

"What wonderful hair!" I exclaimed. "You must let me paint you some day with your hair down." She buried her hands in her thick silky masses of hair. "I know some girls who would give a small fortune to have hair like that."

She only smiled, rather sadly. I knew there had been much trouble in her life. As I painted, I encouraged her to talk; at last my own curiosity overcame me, and I asked what she did to make her hair so glorious.

"Mine is always coming out," I told her, "I suppose I should have it cropped, as most women artists do."

"I've never been in a hairdresser's shop in my life," she said. "I've only used one or two fashionable ones to make up myself."

I always shampoo with stallax. I find you only need about a tablespoonful to cleanse one's hair thoroughly, and so it does not work out at all expensive in the end. Once I tried something else, but my hair did not dry all soft and bright as it does after stallax, so I returned to the old recipe. If it shows any tendency to fall out, I obtain some boronum from the chemist, and mix it with a little bay rum, that soon makes it grow thick and strong again. Perhaps you wonder why, at my age—I'm fifty, you know—I haven't got grey hair? Once it did begin to look faded and streaky, but someone told me that the only real way to restore the colour was by dissolving some pure tannin in bay rum, and applying this lotion to the hair each day. It's wonderful stuff, but people so seldom think of using anything so simple, do they?"

"They don't indeed," I answered, "but you've opened my eyes. You must write it all down, if you will be so kind. And now shall we rest? You must be tired."

She nodded, and I laid gratefully the sun flashed on her head and brought out unsuspected golden lights in that wonderful hair.

After a brief interval, she resumed the pose. As I readjusted her head, I noticed the extraordinarily beautiful texture of her skin. What claims she had to beauty, I reflected, were due to the wonderful perfection of detail—she bore the closest scrutiny. I lingered longer than was necessary to make sure of the fine head in order to admire the clear fine tone of her skin. Her complexion was almost colourless, but the skin showed hardly a crease; the lips, I noticed, looked warm and healthy, and her eyelashes gave her rather pale eyes a shadowy beauty.

As I painted, everything feminine in me wanted to ask her if she had any secrets for keeping that wonderful skin, but politeness forbade. To my mind, however, she resumed our former conversation.

"It always seems to me that old-fashioned remedies are the best. Of course, I have to consider the question of keeping such looks as I may have, because being a model is precarious work, and the market is over-stocked with old models of the wrinkled, white-haired type. I always treat my skin rather carefully, because I am on it as a business matter."

I message it with ordinary mercurochrome which I wash off in the morning with warm water. That clears the skin thoroughly, because the oxygen in the wax absorbs all the impurities and leaves the skin as clean as a new complexion underneath, which is quite fresh and smooth. Of course, this treatment is a great preventive of wrinkles, for they never have time to form. Wrinkles only come on the outer skin, and the inner skin, if it is not removed. Another thing which I use frequently is stymol. When I was young I sometimes used to suffer from blackheads; my mother used to tell me to use stymol, and warm water in which a tablet of stymol had been stirred. Then I found the blackheads came out, without any forcing, on a towel, and my skin was left perfectly clear and not in the least sore. I never have the black things now, because I make a point of using stymol at least once a week. You don't know how wonderfully refreshing that sparkling tea-bath is to the skin. It gets rid of the pores, and the blackheads from forming. They are only caused by the accumulation of waste matter in pores that have become over-enlarged. Nearly everyone, in my opinion, would find it worth the trouble, and it greatly improved if they would occasionally use some slight astringent, such as stymol."

"I am very much interested in all you have told me," I answered, "but I don't think you should tell me. I don't believe there is any little secret you don't know!"

"I have not yet found anything really good for the hands," she told me, holding out a pair of white, thin, and smooth hands; housework makes them so red and dirty!"

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "then I can give you one tip. Get some biclorinol jelly from your chemist; you'll find that it will get all the ingrained dirt right out of your hands, besides making them beautifully soft and white. I don't know where I should be without it, myself."

"I thanked me very sincerely, and the time being up, prepared to go."

After she had left, I felt to wondering how many women of her age, living in such poverty and hardship, kept their faces in such an excellent state. I looked at my own hands, and I could never put on canvas the texture of her lovely skin or the richness of her hair.

PARKER BELMONT'S CYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY. (Adv't.)



MODES OF THE MOMENT.



Extremely smart is this nigger and champagne coloured toque, with its upturned brim. A large prong-shaped hatpin makes an effective trimming.



For windy weather wear nothing could be more cosy than a close-fitting tummy toque of black panne. A flowing veil gives it a touch of distinction.

BUNCHES OF CHERRIES make a charming decoration for the satin or brocade mules which are now indispensable for boudoir wear. One very pretty pair of aquamarine-blue satin were finished with tiny bunches of ripe, red cherries and minute ruffling of cherry-coloured tulle.

A FLARING FLOUNCE of billowy georgette gave quite the fashionable panier effect to an afternoon jumper of champagne-coloured charmeuse. Tiny gold buttons adorned the turnback cuffs of the three-quarter-length sleeves and studded the oval-shaped neck.

WHITE MARABOUT edged an ivory ninon evening wrap effectively. A large scarlet rose gave a distinctive touch of colour and acted as a fastening at the front, while four large white tassels weighted the hem.

CHAMOIS LEATHER is the material in which the very newest jumpers are executed. One of soft-finished saxo-blue was finished at hem and sleeves with neat leather fringe, while a narrow leather band girdled the waist.

TOBACCO CREPE de Chine made effective the inset waistcoat, which completed a smart navy blue gabardine coat dress.

MARJORIE.



Fawn-coloured waterproof suiting is the material used for this workman-like skiing outfit. The helmet, in material to match, is edged with beaver.



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office, Jan. 6.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—There's still time to enter for this week's painting competition, but you must look sharp about it. All paintings must reach me by January 8, and, as usual, I am offering Thirty-one Splendid Prizes for the best sent in. The list of last week's prize-winners is held over for a day or two owing to lack of space.

Your affectionate
Uncle, Dick.



No. 4.—A Crocodile Nearly Gets Jack!

AFTER killing the hyena and being assured that there were no more wild animals near the camp, Ralph and Jack turned into their tents again and slept soundly until morning. Noko, the guide, and the native carriers were very much impressed with "Massa Ralph's" good shooting. "We very proud of you," said Noko, as he busied himself making some tea. "You soon be famous hunter!"

After breakfast Jack strolled across a patch of

clearing in the forest until he came to a swamp. He little guessed what a perilous adventure was to befall him!

Now, on the green slime which covered the swamp, a little distance from the edge Jack saw some wonderful purple flowers. He was a very keen collector and he couldn't resist.

The boy stepped in the water of the swamp and, finding it quite shallow, he waded slowly towards the blossoms. He had nearly reached them when he found himself sinking slowly in the mud.

He struggled to free himself and found that as he pulled one leg out the other went in deeper, and it was then—he at first thought it was a log—he saw the crocodile.

The great creature blinked at him with his greeny-brown eyes, snorted like an engine blow-



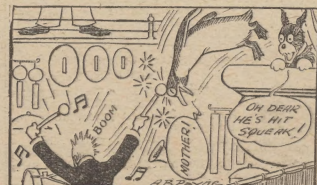
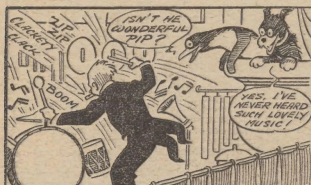
The crocodile opened his huge mouth.

ing off steam and opened his huge, cavernous jaws! Jack shouted with all his might.

Ralph came running up—he was only just in time! He put two doses of lead in the big reptile's body, which sent it scampering away roaring with fright and anger. Then, with a tree branch, he pulled the half-fainting Jack out of the water. Ralph gave him a very severe "lecture."

(To-morrow: Noko and the Bees.)

POOR SQUEAK DOESN'T LIKE "JAZZ" MUSIC ANY MORE.



While watching a clever "jazz-player" at a well-known London variety theatre, my unfortunate penguin received a "knock-out" blow from the frenzied musician.

Presented with **FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS**, Jan. 17th, 1920.

Presented with **FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS**, Jan. 10th, 1920.

Presented with **FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS**, Jan. 24th, 1920.

Presented with **FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS**, Feb. 7th, 1920.

Presented with **FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS**, Feb. 14th, 1920.

Presented with **FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS**, Feb. 21st, 1920.

Presented with **FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS**, Feb. 28th, 1920.

Free! This one TO-DAY

These Eight Beautiful Plates

This splendid series of Art Plates depicting "Beauties of All Nations" is being given away with "Forget-Me-Not Novels." Each plate is a beautiful photographic reproduction of a convenient size for your postcard album. You will find the first plate inside every copy of TO-DAY'S issue of "Forget-Me-Not Novels," and the other seven plates will be given with the next seven issues—one each week.

Get YOUR copy containing the first plate TO-DAY, and place a regular order with your newsagent for "Forget-Me-Not" Novels—the popular weekly for long complete love stories—then you will make SURE of getting all the eight plates.

Ask TO-DAY for

FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS

Of all Newsagents.

you take no risk in going to your chemist and getting a 3s. package. If, after taking Blood-Iron Phosphate, you do not feel brighter, happier, more vigorous, and more mentally alert, the trial will cost you nothing.—(Advt.)

Don't Wear a Truss.

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women and children that cures rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else to cure you. Where others fail is where we have our great success. Send illustrated coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it, and are extremely grateful. It is invaluable relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no ties.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If rupture takes to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you in a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have not our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can try it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and, once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day.

Free information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.

194440 to Gungahy Lane, London W.C.

Please send me in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

Please write.....

Signature.....

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPH. "WHO'S WHO?" W. H. BERRY. To-night, at 8. Wed. Sat. at 2. (Ger. 2645.)
ALLWORTH. To-night, 8.15. SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE. Iris Hovey, Franklin Dyer. Mats. Th. Sat. 2.30.
ALHAMBRA. Last Week at 2.30 and 7.30 and "Ladies of the Ages" and "Daddy Longlegs".
AMBASSADOR. Evgs. at 8.15. "SYLVIA'S LOVERS". Matines, Tuesday and Saturday, at 2.30. (Ger. 44401).
APOLLO. HALF OF BLOODHOUNDS. Boucher. Appearances Evgs. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
COMEDY. Nightly at 8.30. "THE WISE FOLKS". A Comedy in 3 Acts. Mats. Tues. and Sat. 2.45.
COMEDY. MATS ONLY DAILY except Tues. Sat. at 2.30. "HIS MAJESTY".
NOISE. These Matinees do not interfere with usual performances of "Three Fiddlers".
COURT. At 2 and 8. MAURICE MOSCOWITZ in "THE BELGIAN" and "VICTOR". Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE. Evgs. 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Martin Harvey presents HAMLET.
CRISTOFORO. LORD RICHARD IN THE PARK. Cyril Maude, Connie Ediss. Evgs. 8.30. Tues. Sat. 2.30.
DALYS. THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. Nightly, at 8. Mats. Tues. and Sat. at 2.30.
DRURY LANE. (Ger. 2588). CINDERELLA and Sat. at 2.15. CINDERELLA.
DUKE OF YORKS. Evgs. 8.30. ROBERT LOREINE in "ARMS AND THE MAN". Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.
GARRICK. Evgs. 8.15. Matinees, Wed. Sat. 2.30. "THE ECLIPSE". Alfred Lester, Teddie Green.
GOOSE. Marie. "THE VOICE OF THE MINARET". Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.15.
HAYMARKET. Evgs. 8.30. W. Th. Sat. 2.30. DADDIES.
E. E. MATHESON. Marie. Emily Bower. Evgs. 8.15. "HIS MAJESTY". CHU CHIN CHOW (4th Year).
WITCE DAILY. at 2.15 and 8.15.
MONDAY. Jan. 12, Evgs. 8. Mats. Mon. Wed. Thurs. and Sat. at 2.15.
HOLBORN EMPIRE. (Hol. 5567). "HIS MAJESTY" from New Theatre. TO-DAY and Daily, at 2.15.
KINGSWAY. IN "THE NIGHT". Evening at 8.30. Matinees, Monday, Tuesday and Friday, at 2.30.
LONDON PAVILION. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Tues. Sat. 2.30. AFGAR. ALICE DOLYMA.
LYCEUM. Twice Daily at 2 and 7. Lyceum Phonettes. SICK WHITIE. "THE BIRD OF PARADISE".
LYRIC. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15.
LYRIC. HAMMESMITH. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.30. "ABRAHAM LINCOLN". By John Drinkwater.
MARKET LANE THEATRE OF MYSTERY. Evgs. at 8.15. "THE THREE OF US".
NEW. (Reg. 4445). Evgs. at 8. Mats. Mon. Wed. Thurs. and Sat. at 2.15.
MATINEES DAILY. at 2.15.
NEW. Nightly, at 8.30. DRENE VANHUGH in "MR. PIM PASSE". Evgs. at 8.30. Mats. Tues. Sat. 2.30.
OXFORD. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. MAGGIE. Musical Play.
PLAYHOUSE. Nightly, at 8.30. "HOME AND BEAUTY". Charles Hawtree, Gladys Cooper. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
PRINCE OF WALES. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Mon. Wed. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. "THE PRINCE OF WALES".
PRINCES. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Wed. Fri. Sat. 2.15. "PRINCES". To-night, 8.15. "To-morrow, 'Patience'".
QUEEN'S. "THE CINDERELLA MAN". Evgs. at 8.15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2.30.
QUEEN'S HALL (Oxford-circuit). TO-DAY, 2.30, 8.30, 11.15. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Mon. Wed. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.
WITH ALLENBY IN PALESTINE AND ARABIA. (Over 600 times in London). Pop. prices.
ROYALTY. TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8. Gerard 3863.
ST. JAMES. Nightly, at 8. "JULIUS CÆSAR". Friday Evening only, at 8. First Mat. Thurs. at 2.
ST. MARTINS. DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.30. Peggy Primrose presents a Play. "ONCE UPON A TIME".
SAVOY. At 2.15 and 8.15. "TIGER ROSE". Marjory Sampson, at 8.15.
SCALA. (Musical 6010). FIFTEEN, A Musical Play. Mats. Daily, 2. Thurs. and Sat. Evgs. 8.
SHAFTESBURY. (Ger. 6666). Evgs. at 8. Matinees, Wed. and Sat. 2.15. HARRY BUNTING. Musical Play. STAND-TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30. "THE CRIMINAL MIND".
SURREY. Evgs. at 8. Mats. Mon. Thurs. 2.30. From My Challenge and Co. in "When Knights Were Bold".
VAUDEVILLE. Nelson Keys in New Edition "BUZZ BUZZ". Evings. 8.15. Mats. Tues. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.



THE SECRET OF BEAUTY IS THE BLOOD. THE BLOOD IS THE KEY TO A PERFECT COMPLEXION.



TAKE care of your Blood and your Complexion will take care of itself. It is sound advice to everyone who desires to permanently maintain the radiant beauty of perfect health.

The lavish use of paint, powder, expensive lotions can only at the best serve as a temporary camouflage, hiding up defects of the skin which ultimately become more pronounced and ugly. Think for just one moment and you will see that this must be so. The skin is one of the most sensitive and delicate parts of the human body. The richness and purity of the blood alone can supply the life and delicate colouring which are the very "Halt Mark" of lasting and, above all, natural bloom of beauty. Proper attention to one's bodily functions, and especially to the care of the blood, will result not only in an immediate improvement, but will enable you to maintain and preserve a clear complexion, free from blemish and those blotchy disfigurements which collect and increase as the neglected blood becomes more and more stagnant and deficient in vitalising power.

The finest proof that this is so is found in the almost amazing improvement in the Complexion which invariably follows the use of

VEGETINE PILLS.

As a matter of fact, these pills are not advertised merely as a natural aid to Beauty, the results in

this direction are simply and solely the natural outcome of their powerful tonic and cleansing action on the blood, coupled with their sure but gentle corrective action on the whole digestive and nervous system. They are the recognised remedy for all skin affections both for men and women.

Scientifically, their effect upon the white corpuscles of the blood is marked by the degree in which they are reinforced to combat all foreign elements and germs, which result in skin sores, blotches, and other blemishes.

Medical science, always progressive, sends this message to-day to you—Treat your Complexion by inward and natural means, and, in addition, be careful of any outward application, Soap or Cream, is of such a character that it will help and not deter. For this reason alone, we include in the "Vegetine" Skin Treatment "Vegetine Skin Cream", and, still more important, "Vegetine Soap". Used in conjunction with the Pills they play an important part in cleansing the pores and in softening the effects of wind, rain, and dust upon the outer surface of the skin—thus aiding and not detracting from the internal and most essential treatment.

Vegetine Pills

VEGETINE PILLS 1/3, 3/- (3 times the quantity) and 5/- (6 times the quantity) PER BOX: VEGETINE SOAP 10d. PER TABLET: VEGETINE SKIN CREAM, 1/- and 1/9 PER POT.

Obtainable of all good class chemists, including Boots, Taylor's Drug Co., T. White & Co., Park's Drug Store, Lewis & Burrows, Harrods, Army and Navy or direct, post free, from the proprietors.

A GENEROUS FREE TRIAL

supply of Vegetine Pills and Vegetine Soap will be sent to all applicants who write to DAVID MACQUEEN CO., LTD., Paternoster Square, London, E.C.4.



VICTORIA PALACE. To-day and Daily, at 2. WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS. Prices, 7s 6d to 1s. Thurs. and Sat. 2.15. George Grossmith, Leslie Henson. WINDHAM'S. At 2.30 and 8.15. Gerald du Maurier in "THE CHORUS". Mats. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.30. COLYSEUM (Ger. 7541). 2.30, 7.45. The Two Bobs. Mrs. Lane Fuller, Hilda Wynn, John, Edith, etc. HIPPODROME. London, Daily, 2.30 and 8.30. The new "JOY BELLS". Shiraz, Kallago, George Hoby, Ger. 650. THE PALACE. To-day and Daily, at 2.30. Palladium. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Tues. Sat. 2.30. Theatricals. Hatty King, Geo. Mozart, Tom Stuart, etc. PHELIMORPH HALL. Daily, 2.30, 8.30. Banquet. Mrs. Wynn, Hilda Wynn, etc. OLYMPIA. ROYAL VICTORY CIRCUS. 2.30 and 8 p.m. Daily. Allied Pict. from to-morrow. NEW GALLERY KINEMA. "King Solomon's Mines." At 2.35, 4.45, 7.15. Mats. and Evgs. THE VOYER SALIENT. Li. Col. Bochet Wilson's Film Story. Central Hall Westminster. To-day, 2.30, 8.30. ROYAL ALHAMBRA. "Household Lingo." 2.30, 8.30. 5 p.m. 6d, 1s, 3d, 1s, 3d, 1s, 3d, 1s, 3d.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

are received at the Offices of "The Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, between the hours of 10 and 6 (Saturdays, 10 to 1). General and Classified Advertisements, 2s. 6d. per line (minimum 2 lines, average 7 words to the line). Financial, Partnerships and Public Notices, 7s. 6d. per line, minimum 2 lines.

SEASIDE AND COUNTRY APARTMENTS

2s. 6d. line, minimum 2 lines. Advertisements if sent by post must be accompanied by POSTAL ORDERS. CROSSED CUTTS & CO. STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.



"MY food did not digest properly," says Mrs. A. Sinclair, of 8, Hankin St., Stanley Rd., Liverpool. "I suffered intense pain and distress from splitting headaches and bilious bouts. These terrible attacks affected my heart, and often made me feel as though I would faint away. I was too ill and miserable to do anything. One night my son brought me a box of Ker-nak Pills and the relief gained from the first few doses was really surprising. Ker-nak Pills were so soothing and natural that I felt nothing but good from them. "Bit by bit my appetite returned and I could eat without fear of the dreadful headaches and 'sickness' following. To-day, thanks to Ker-nak Pills alone, I enjoy my food, sleep well and feel years younger."



BANISH HEADACHES

If you feel nervous, run down, and out-of-sorts, or suffer from constipation, bilious headaches, general debility, indigestion, or similar ailments, Ker-nak Pills are the remedy to put you right. Obtainable at 1/3 or 3/- per box of all chemists, or post free, at same price, direct from the Ker-nak Natural Remedy Ltd., Jewell Lane, Leeds.

PERSONAL.

GLAD.—Dearest, thinking of you. Love. Good-bye—Yar. MAD.—Coffee home; important papers. Mother had—Maz. SKILL.—permanently removal of superfluous hair, warts and holes from face.—Tress, 11, New Bond-street, W. FRANKS and suit cases, strong second-hand, in waistcoat or canvas; also all at pre-war prices—Anglo-American Trunk Association (manufacturers) at 58, Strand, W.C. (opposite Charing Cross Hospital), and 112 Southampton-row. W.C. most door to most office. COD Liver Extract.—Merrill's Small dose (10 drops) 5s. 6d. All Chemists, or Pharmacists, 48, Mortimer-street, W. 1. SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Pershore, Worcestershire. TRADE CAMERAS bought for cash. Dolls and puppets for modern instruments.—35, Ludgate-hill, 21, Oxford-st. and branches. COMPLEXIONS. Permanently Tinted.—Burchett, 72, Waterloo-road, London. BETTER buy "Beetle Boots" and have the Best!

The above advertisements are charged at the rate of Eighteen pence per word (minimum eight words). Trade Advertisements in Personal Column. One Shilling per word. Name and address of sender must also be sent. Address: Advertisement Manager "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie-st., London E.C.4.

FINANCIAL.

LOANS by Post Secretary under your friends' knowledge. £25 at 2s. 6d. weekly, £10 at 4s. 6d. weekly, £50 at 30s. weekly; emerson stamp. F. Isaac, 8, Minard-st., North. L O A N S £50 upwards Advanced on simple promise to repay, all I make no charge unless I lend money. I want you to inquire for terms—M. Cohen (actual) 17, Southampton-st., High Holborn, London. W.C. 1. Phone Museum 4192.

MARKETING BY POST.

FRESH Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry and Eggs supplied direct from grower to consumer.—For terms apply to R. Moss, Wyre, Lancs. THE LINCOLNSHIRE FARMERS' DRESS FOODS SUPPLY CO., choice from 1s. to 10s. per lb. of all kinds of food, as dressed, carriage paid, 2s. 3d. per pound, any weights, on receipt of cash to Secretary, P. Kelsey, 8, Malpas-avenue, Gainsborough.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY REID'S Teeth Society, Ltd., Gas extractions 3s. Teeth at Hospital Prices.—Write Miss Gordon, 56a, Oxford-st., London, W.1. Phone Mayfair 5259.

DANCING.

PRO DANCES, Piccadilly Hotel.—Evgs. dress or uniform! 10s. 15s. 7s. 6d. Tues. evgs., 9.15; tickets, 12s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CURE for Deafness has been discovered which is sure and certain in every case. Everybody's opportunity. For particulars of D. Clifton 13, Broad-st. H.W. London. E.C.4. BLACKHEADS positively cleared off like magic by Lascaris Lotion. 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d.—Knowles, 44, Broad-castle-st., London, E.C.2. INSTANTLY cures Eczema.—Natural Colours Pomade; (scented), 2s. 6d.; trial sample, 3d.; state colour.—Knowles, 44, Broad-castle-st., London, E.C.2. If a disorder which must be properly diagnosed and treated. Send for particulars of treatment for your case to Mr. J. Harper Roberts, M.S.F., Specialist for Diseases of the Hair, 16, Wimpole-st., Rushmore, Manchester. STAMMERING effectually cured by correspondence or personally. H. Mason, 30, Clarendon-villa, Hove, Sussex. Tel. 1976. THE Basil Blackwood Day Nursery, 16, Cornwall-gardens, Oxford-st., for children of the professional classes has a few vacancies, ages 1 month to 6 years.—Apply H. Ethel Plunket.

Daily Mirror

Wednesday, January 7, 1920.

POLICEMAN CHARGED.



Police-Constable Frank Bodimeade, holding his hat over his face, leaving Croydon Police Court, where he was remanded yesterday on a charge of stealing a lady's coat. It is alleged that his daughter was seen wearing it.

FRENCH GARDEN AT TRADE UNION QUARTERS.



A corner of the boardroom. A rich and powerful union, they have palatial quarters.



Intensive culture. A French woman gardener working in the French vegetable garden.



The house at Golders Green where the Amalgamated Society of Engineers has its quarters is surrounded by ten acres of beautiful lawns and flower beds. There are also five tennis courts and two bowling greens for the staff. It was formerly a high school for girls.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



BIG WAGES FOR SKILL.—A London firm is offering £15 to £25 a week to men with a knowledge of oxy-acetylene welding. Physical endurance is necessary, as the men have to work seven hours continuously.



P.C. Thomas, Ripon.



P.C. Frank Williams, Kennington.

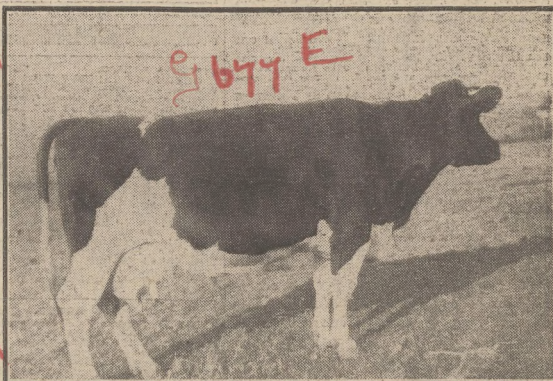


P.C. George Anstee, received "medallion."

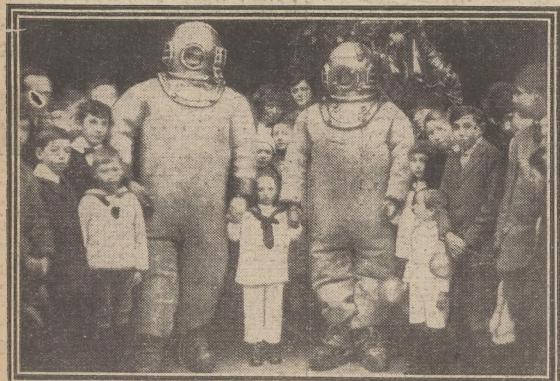
A triple presentation took place at Kennington, when these three P.C.s received their collarettes on their retirement.



A splendid bull. Ynte, the property of Mr. Wallis, is the only son of Kingswood Myrtle. His home is Tormare Farm, near Worthing.



MILK GALORE.—Kingswood Myrtle, a British Frisian cow, the property of Mr. G. Holt Thomas, which gave 2,018 gallons in 312 days. It was bred and developed by Mr. Horace Hale.



SANTA CLAUS IN NEW GUISE.—When the warrant officers of H.M.S. Victory gave a party to 500 children at Portsmouth, there were two Father Christmases, who appeared in full dress.